Love in a Wood,

OR,

St James's Park.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr *WYCHERLEY.*

——*Excludit sanos Helicone poetas*
Democritus;——Horat.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. Warren* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*, 1694.

UMI

TO HER
GRACE
THE
Dutcheſs of *CLEAVELAND.*

MADAM,

ALL Authors whatever in their Dedications are Poets; but I am now to Write to a Lady, who ſtands as little in need of Flattery, as her Beauty of Art; otherwiſe, I ſhou'd prove as ill a Poet to her in my Dedication, as to my Reader in my Play: I can do your Grace no Honour, nor make you more Admirers than you have already; yet I can do my ſelf the honour to let the World know, I am the greateſt you have; you will Pardon me, Madam, for you know, 'tis very hard for a new Author, and Poet too, to govern his Ambition; for Poets, let them paſs in the World never ſo much, for modeſt, honeſt Men, but begin praiſe to others, which concludes in themſelves; and are like Rooks, who lend People money, but to win it back again, and ſo leave them in debt to 'em for nothing; they offer Laurel and Incenſe to their Hero's but wear it themſelves, and perfume themſelves. This is true, Madam, upon the honeſt word of an Author, who never yet writ Dedication; yet though I cannot lye like them, I am as vain as they, and cannot but publickly give your Grace my humble acknowledgments for the Favours I have receiv'd from you: This, I ſay, is the Poet's Gratitude, which in plain Engliſh, is only Pride and Ambition; and that the World might know your Grace did me the honour to ſee my Play twice together; yet perhaps my Enviers of your Favour will ſuggeſt 'twas in Lent, and therefore for your Mortification; then, as a jealous Author, I am concern'd not to have your Grace's Favours leſſen'd, or rather my reputation; and to let them know, you were pleas'd, after that, to command a Copy from me of this Play; the way without Beauty and Wit, to win a poor Poet's heart. 'Tis a ſign your Grace underſtands nothing better, than obliging all the World, after the beſt and moſt proper manner; But, Madam, to be obliging to that exceſs as you are, (Pardon me, if I tell you,) is of my extream concern, and

ſervice

service for your Grace) is a dangerous quality, and may be very incommode to you; for Civility makes Poets as troublesom, as Charity makes Beggars; and your Grace will be hereafter as much pester'd with such scurvy Offerings as this, Poems, Panegyricks, and the like, as you are now with Petitions: And, Madam, take it from me, no Man with Papers in's hand, is more dreadful than a Poet, no, not a Lawyer with his Declarations; Your Grace sure did not well consider what you did, in sending for my Play; you little thought I wou'd have had the confidence to send you a Dedication too: But, Madam, you find I am as unreasonable, and have as little Conscience, as if I had driven the Poetick Trade longer than I have, and ne'r consider you had enough of the Play; but (having suffer'd now so severely) I beseech your Grace, have a care for the future, take my Counsel, and be (if you can possible) as proud, and ill-natur'd, as other People of Quality, since your quiet is so much concern'd, and since you have more reason than any to value your self; for you have that perfection of Beauty (without thinking it so) which others of your Sex, but think they have; that Generosity in your Actions, which others of your Quality, have only in their Promises; that Spirit, Wit, and Judgment, and all other Qualifications, which fit Hero's to Command, and wou'd make any but your Grace proud. I begin now, elevated by my Subject, to write with the Emotion and Fury of a Poet; yet the Integrity of an Historian; and I tou'd never be weary, nay, sure this were my only way, to make my Readers never weary too, though they were a more impatient Generation of People than they are. In Fine, speaking thus of your Grace, I shou'd please all the World but you; therefore I must once observe, and obey you against my will, and say no more, than that I am,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Most Obliged, and most

humble Servant,

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

PROLOGUE.

CUstom, which bids the Thief from Cart Harangue,
All those that come to make, and see him hang,
Wills the damn'd Poet (though he knows he's gone)
To greet you, e'er his Execution.
Not having fear of Critick 'fore his eyes,
But still rejecting wholsome, good advice;
He e'en is come to suffer here to day,
For counterfeiting (as you judge) a Play,
Which is against dread Phœbus *highest treason,*
Damn'd damning Judges, therefore you have reason;
You he do's mean, who for the self same fault,
That damning Privilege of yours have bought;
So the huge Bankers when they needs must fail,
Send the small Brothers of their trade to Goal;
Whilst they by breaking Gentlemen, are made,
Then more than any, scorn poor men o' th' trade;
You hardn'd Renegado Poets, who
Treat Riming Brother, worse than Turk wou'd do;
But vent your Heathenish rage, hang, draw, and quarter,
His Muse will dye to day a steering Martyr;
Since for ball'd Jest, dull Libel, or Lampoon,
There are who suffer persecution,
With the undaunted briskness of Buffoon,
And strict Professors live of Raillery,
Defying Porters Lodge, or Pillory:
For those who yet write on our Poets fate,
Shou'd as Co-sufferers commiserate;
But he in vain their pity now wou'd crave,
Who for themselves (alas) no pity have,
And their own gasping credit will not save;
And those, much less, our Criminal wou'd spare,
Who ne'er in Rhyme trangress, (if such there are).
Well then, who nothing hopes, needs nothing fear;
And he, before your cruel Votes shall do it,
By his despair, declares himself no Poet.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. *Hart.* Mr. *Bell.* Mr. *Kinnaſton.*	Mr. *Ranger*, Mr. *Vincent*, Mr. *Valentine*, } Young Gentlemen of the Town.
Mr. *Lacy.*	Alderman *Gripe*, ſeemingly preciſe, but a covetous, leacherous, old Uſurer of the City.
Mr. *Winterſell.*	Sir *Simon Addleplot*, a Coxcomb, always in purſuit of Women of great Fortunes.
Mr. *Mohun.*	Mr. *Dapperwit*, a brisk conceited, half-witted Fellow of the Town.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Boutell.*	*Chriſtina*, *Valentine*'s Miſtreſs.
Mrs. *Betty Cox.*	*Lydia*, *Ranger*'s Miſtreſs.
Mrs. *Knepp.*	My Lady *Flippant*, *Gripe*'s Siſter, an affected Widow, in diſtreſs for a Husband, though ſtill declaiming againſt Marriage.
Mrs. *Farlowe.*	Mrs. *Martha*, *Gripe*'s Daughter.
Mrs. *Cory.*	Mrs. *Joyner*, a Match-maker, or preciſe City-Bawd.
Mrs. *Rutter.*	Mrs. *Croſbite*, an old cheating Jilt, and Bawd to her Daughter.
Mrs. *Betty Slade.*	Miſs *Lucy*, her Daughter.
Mrs. *James.*	*Iſabel*, *Chriſtina*'s Woman.
Mrs. *Gartreight.*	*Leonore*, Servant to *Lydia*.

Croſbite's Landlord, and his Prentices, Servants, Waiters, and other Attendants.

The Scene *LONDON.*

Love

Love in a Wood,

OR,

St. James's Park.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gripe's *House in the Evening.*

Enter My Lady Flippant, *Mrs.* Joyner.

Flip. NOT a Husband to be had for money. Come, come, I might have been a better House-Wife for my self (as the World goes now,) if I had dealt for an Heir with his Guardian, Uncle, or Mother-in-Law; and you are no better than a Chouse, a Cheat.

Joyn. I a Cheat, Madam.

Flip. I am out of my Money, and my Patience too.

Joyn. Do not run out of your Patience whatever you do,
'Tis a necessary virtue for a Widow without
A Joynture in truly.

Flip. Vile Woman, though my Fortune be something
Wasted, my Person's in good repair;
If I had not depended on you, I had had a Husband
Before this time; when I gave you the last five pound,
Did not you promise I should be Marryed by Christmass.

Joyn. And had kept my promise if you had Cooperated.

Flip. Cooperated, what should I have done?
'Tis well known no Woman breathing could use more
Industry to get her a Husband than I have;
Has not my Husband's Scutcheon walk'd as much ground

As

As the Citizens Signs ſince the Fire,
That no quarter of the Town might be ignorant
Of the Widow *Flippant*.

Joyn. 'Tis well known, Madam, indeed.

Flip. Have I not own'd my ſelf (againſt my Stomach) the Relict of a Citizen to credit my Fortune?

Joyn. 'Tis confeſt, Madam.

Flip. Have I not conſtantly kept *Covent-Garden*-Church, St. *Martin*'s, the Play-Houſes, *Hide-Park*, *Mulberry-Garden*, and all other the Publick Marts where Widows and Maids are expos'd?

Joyn. Far be it from me to think you have an Averſion to a Husband;
But why Madam have you refus'd ſo many good Offers?

Flip. Good Offers, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll be ſworn I never had an Offer ſince my late Husband's; if I had had an Offer, Mrs. *Joyner*; there's the thing, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyn. Then your frequent, and publick deteſtation of Marriage, is thought real;
And if you have had no Offer, there's the thing, Madam.

Flip. I cannot deny, but I always rail againſt Marriage
Which is the Widows way to it certainly.

Joyn. 'Tis the deſperate way of the deſperate Widows, in truly.

Flip. Wou'd you have us as tractable as the Wenches that eat Oatmeal; and fool'd like them too.

Joyn. If no body were wiſer than I, I ſhould think, ſince the Widow wants the natural allurement which the Virgin has, you ought to give men all other incouragements in truly.

Flip. Therefore on the contrary, becauſe the Widow's Fortune (whether ſuppos'd or real) is her chiefeſt Bait, the more chary ſhe ſeems of it, and the more ſhe withdraws it, the more eagerly the buſie gaping frye will bite: with us Widows Husbands are got like Biſhopricks, by ſaying no; and I tell you, a young Heir is as ſhie of a Widow, as of a Rook, to my knowledge.

Joyn. I can alledge nothing againſt your practice,
But your ill ſucceſs; and indeed you muſt uſe
Another Method with Sir *Simon Addleplot*.

Flip. Will he be at your Houſe at the hour?

Joyn. He'll be there by ten, 'tis now nine:
I warrant you he will not fail.

Flip. I'll warrant you then I will not fail,
For 'tis more than time I were ſped.

Joyn. Mr. *Dapperwit* has not been too buſie with you, I hope, your experience has taught you to prevent a miſchance.

Flip. No, no, my miſchance (as you call it) is greater than that; I have but three Months to reckon, e're I lye down with my Port and Equipage; and muſt be delivered of a Woman, a Foot-man and a Coach-man. For my Coach muſt down, unleſs I can get Sir *Simon* to draw with me,

Joyn.

Joyn. He will pair with you exactly if you knew all. [*Aside.*

Flip. Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, nothing grieves me like putting down my Coach; for the fine Cloaths, the fine Lodgings, let 'em go; for a Lodging is as unneceſſary a thing to a Widow that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruque, for as you ſee about Town ſhe is moſt properly at home in her Coach, ſhe eats, and drinks, and ſleeps in her Coach; and for her Viſits ſhe receives them in the Play-houſe.

Joyn. Ay, ay, let the Men keep Lodgings
(As you ſay, Madam) if they will.

[Gripe *and Sir* Simon Addleplot *following him as his Man in the Habit of a Clark at one door, and Mrs.* Martha *at the other.*

Flip. Do you think if things had been with me as they have been, I would ever have hous'd with this Counter-faſhion Brother of mine, (who hates a Veſt as much as a Surplice) to have my Patches aſſaulted every day; at Dinner my Freedom cenſured, and my Viſitants ſhut out of Doors; poor Mr. *Dapperwit* cannot be admitted.

Joyn. He knows him too well to keep his
Acquaintance.

Flip. He is a cenſorious rigid Fop, and knows nothing.

Gripe. So, ſo——— [*Behind.*

Joyn. Is he here? [*Aside.*

To my Lady Flip.] Nay with your Pardon, Madam, I muſt contradict you there. He is a prying Common-Wealths-man, an implacable Magiſtrate, a ſturdy Pillar of his Cauſe, and———
But oh me is your Worſhip ſo near then? if I had [*To* Gripe.
Thought you had heard me.———

Gripe. Why, why, Mrs. *Joyner*,
I have ſaid as much of my ſelf e'er now,
And without vanity, I profeſs.

Joyn. I know your Virtue is proof againſt Vain-glory;
But the truth to your Face, looks like flattery in your
Worſhip's Servant.

Gripe. No, no, ſay what you will of me in that kind,
Far be it from me to ſuſpect you of flattery.

Joyn. In truly your Worſhip knows your ſelf,
And knows me, for I am none of thoſe——— [*Aside.*

Flip. Now they are in ——— [*Exit* Flippant.
Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll go before to your Houſe,
You'll be ſure to come after me.

Joyn. Immediately; but as I was ſaying,
I am none of thoſe——

Gripe. No, Mrs. *Joyner*, you cannot ſew Pillows
Under Folks Elbows; you cannot hold a Candle to the Devil;
You cannot tickle a Trout to take him, you——

Joyn. Lord how well you do know me indeed;
And you ſhall ſee I know your Worſhip as well,
You cannot backſlide from your Principles;

You cannot be terrify'd by the laws,
Nor brib'd to Allegiance by Office, or Preferment;
You———

Gripe. Hold, hold, my praiſe muſt not interrupt yours.

Joyn. With your Worſhip's Pardon, (In truly) I muſt on.

Gripe. I am full of your praiſe, and it will run over.

Joyn. Nay ſweet Sir, you are——

Gripe. Nay ſweet Mrs. *Joyner*, you are——

Joyn. Nay good your Worſhip, you are——

[*Stops her mouth with his Handkerchief.*

Gripe. I ſay you are——

Joyn. I muſt not be rude with your Worſhip.

Gripe. You are a Nurſing Mother to the Saints;
Through you they gather together;
Through you they fructify and encreaſe; and through you
The Child cries from out of the Hand-Basket.

Joyn. Through you Virgins are marryed or provided
For as well; through you the Reprobate's Wife
Is made a Saint; and through you the Widow is not
Diſconſolate, nor miſſes her Husband.

Gripe. Through you———

Joyn. Indeed you will put me to the bluſh.

Gripe. Bluſhes are badges of Imperfection,
Saints have no ſhame: You are the flower of
Matrons, Mrs *Joyner*.

Joyn. You are the Pink of courteous Aldermen.

Gripe. You are the Muffler of Secreſy.

Joyn. You are the Head-band of Juſtice.

Gripe. Thank you ſweet Mrs. *Joyner*, do you think
So indeed? you are———
You are the Bonefire of Devotion.

Joyn. You are the Bellows of Zeal.

Gripe. You are the Cup-board of Charity.

Joyn. You are the Fob of Liberality.

Gripe. You are the Rivet of ſanctify'd Love or Wedlock.

Joyn. You are the Picklock and Dark-Lanthorn of Policy;
And in a word, a Conventicle of Virtues.

Gripe. Your Servant, your Servant, ſweet Mrs. *Joyner*,
You have ſtopt my mouth.

Joyner. Your Servant, your Servant, ſweet Alderman,
I have nothing to ſay.

Sir Simon. The half Pullet will be cold, Sir.

Gripe. Mrs. *Joyner* you ſhall Sup with me.

Joyner. Indeed I am engag'd to 'Supper with ſome
Of your Man's Friends; and I came on purpoſe
To get leave for him too.

Gripe. I cannot deny you any thing; but I have forgot to tell you what a kind

kind of Fellow my Sisters *Dapperwit* is; before a full Table of the Coffee-House *Sages*, he had the impudence to hold an Argument against me in the defence of Vests and Protections; and therefore I forbid him my House; besides when he came, I was forc'd to lock up my Daughter for fear of him, nay, I think the poor Child her self was afriad of him: Come hither Child, were you not afraid of *Dapperwit*?

Martha. Yes indeed, Sir, he is a terrible Man.
Yet I durst meet with him in the Piazzo at Midnight. [*Aside.*

Gripe. He shall never come into my doors again.

Martha. Shall Mr. *Dapperwit* never come hither again then?

Gripe. No, Child.

Martha. I am afraid he will.

Gripe. I warrant thee.

Marth. I warrant you then I'll go to him. [*Aside.*
I am glad of that, for I hate him as much as a Bishop.

Gripe. Thou art no Child of mine, if thou dost not hate Bishops and Wits: Well, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll keep you no longer. *Jonas*, wait on Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyn. Good night to your Worship.

Gripe. But stay, stay, Mrs. *Joyner*, have you spoken with the Widow *Crossbite* about her little Daughter, as I desir'd.

Joyn. I will to morrow early, it shall be the first thing I'll do after my Prayers.

Gripe. If *Dapperwit* should contaminate her——I cannot rest till I have redeem'd her from the Jaws of that Lion, good night.

Joyn. Good Gentleman. [*Exeunt* Gripe *and* Martha.

Manent Sir Simon Addleplot *and* Joyner.

Sir Sim. Hah, hah, ha, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyn. What's the matter, Sir *Simon*?

Sir Sim. Hah, hah, ha,----let us make haste to your House, or I shall burst, faith and troth to see what Fools you and I make of these People.

Joyn. I will not rob you of any of the credit, I am but a feeble Instrument, you are the Engineer.

Sir Sim. Remember what you say now when things succeed, and do not tell me then, I must thank your wit for all.

Joyn. No in truly, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. Nay I'm sure *Dapperwit* and I have been Partners in many an Intrigue and he uses to serve me so.

Joyn. He is an ill Man to Intrigue with, as you call it.

Sir Sim. I, so are all your Wits; a Pox, if a Man's understanding be not so publick as theirs, he cannot do a wise action but they go away with the honour of it, if he be of their Acquaintance.

Joyn. Why do you keep such Acquaintance then?

Sir Sim. There is a Proverb, Mrs. *Joyner*, You may know him by his Company.

Joyn. No, no, to be thought a Man of parts, you shou'd always keep Company with a Man of less wit than your self.

Sir Sim. That's the hardest thing in the World for me to do, Faith and troth.

Joyn. What, to find a Man of leſs Wit than your ſelf?
Pardon my Raillery, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. No, no, I cannot keep Company with a Fool, I wonder how Men of parts can do't, there's ſomething in't.

Joyn. If you cou'd, all your wiſe actions wou'd be your own, and your Money wou'd be your own too.

Sir Sim. Nay, Faith and troth that's true; for your Wits are plaguely given to borrow; they'l borrow of their Wench, Coach-man, or Link-Boy their hire. Mrs. *Joyner*, *Dapperwit* has that trick with a vengeance.

Joyn. Why will you keep Company with him then, I ſay? for to be plain with you, you have followed him ſo long, that you are thought but his Culley; for every Wit has his Culley, as every Squire his lead Captain.

Sir Sim. I his Culley, I his Culley, Mrs. *Joyner!*
Lord that I ſhould be thought a Culley to any Wit breathing.

Joyn. Nay do not take it ſo to heart, for the beſt Wits
Of the Town, are but Culleys themſelves.

Sir Sim. To whom, to whom, to whom, Mrs. *Joyner?*

Joyn. To Semſtereſſes, and Bawds.

Sir Sim. To your knowledge, Mrs. *Joyner.*
There I was with her.

Joyn. To Taylors and Vintners, but eſpecially to the *French* Houſes.

Sir Sim. But *Dapperwit* is a Cully to none of them; for he ticks.

Joyn. I care not, but I wiſh you were a Cully to none but me, that's all the hurt I wiſh you.

Sir Sim. Thank you Mrs. *Joyner*; well, I will throw off *Dapperwit*'s Acquaintance when I am marryed, and will only be a Culley to my Wife, and that's no more than the wiſeſt Husband of 'em all is.

Joyn. Then you think you ſhall carry Mrs. *Martha.*

Sir Sim. Your hundered Guineys are
As good as in your Lap.

Joyn. But I am afraid this double plot of yours
Should fail, you wou'd ſooner ſucceed,
If you only deſign'd upon Mrs. *Martha*,
Or only upon my Lady *Flippant.*

Sir Sim. Nay then you are no Woman of Intrigue, Faith and troth 'tis good to have two ſtrings to one Bow; if Mrs. *Martha* be coy; I tell the Widow I put on my diſguiſe for her; But if Mrs. *Martha* be kind to *Jonas*, Sir *Simon Addleplot* will be falſe to the Widow, which is no more than Widows are us'd to; for a Promiſe to a Widow is as ſeldom kept as a Vow made at Sea, as *Dapperwit* ſays.

Joyn. I am afraid they ſhou'd diſcover you.

Sir Sim. You have nothing to fear, you have your twenty Guineys in your Pocket for helping me into my Service, and if I get into Mrs. *Martha's* Quarters, you have a hundred more, if into the Widows, fifty, happy go lucky will her Ladyſhip be at your Houſe at the hour.

Joyn. Yes.

Sir Sim. Then you ſhall ſee when I am Sir *Simon Addleplot*, and my ſelf, I'll look

look like my ſelf, now I am *Jonas* I look like an Aſs; you never thought Sir *Simon Addleplot* cou'd have look'd ſo like an Aſs by his ingenuity.

Joyn. Pardon me, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. Nay do not flatter, Faith and troth.

Joyn. Come let us go, 'tis time.

Sir Sim. I will carry the Widow to the French Houſe.

Joyn. If ſhe will go.

Sir Sim. If ſhe will go? why, did you ever know a Widow refuſe a treat? no more than a Lawyer a Fee, Faith and troth, yet I know too,

No treat, ſweet words, good meen, but ſly Intrigue,
That muſt at length, the jilting Widow fegue. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes to the French *Houſe, a Table, Wine, and Candles.*

Enter Vincent, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Dap. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no drinking to night.

Vin. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no *Dapperwit* to night.

Rang. Nay, nay, *Vincent.*

Vin. A Pox, I hate his impertinent Chat more than he does the honeſt *Burgundy.*

Dap. But why ſhou'd you force Wine upon us? we are not all of your guſto.

Vin. But why ſhould you force your chaw'd Jeſts, your damn'd ends of your mouldy Lampoons, and laſt years Sonnets upon us, we are not all of your guſto?

Dap. The Wine makes me ſick, let me periſh.

Vin. Thy Rhymes make me ſpew.

Ran. At Repartee already, come *Vincent*, I know you would
Rather have him pledge you, here *Dapperwit*; [*Gives him the Glaſs.*
But why are you ſo eager to have him drink always?

Vin. Becauſe he is ſo eager to talk always, and there is no other ways to ſilence him.

Waiter to them.

Wait. Here is a Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with Mr. *Vincent.*

Vin. I come. [*Exit* Vin.

Dap. He may drink becauſe he is obliged to the Bottle, for all the Wit and Courage he has, 'tis not free and natural like yours.

Ran. He has more Courage than Wit, but wants neither.

Dap. As a Pump gone dry, if you pour no Water down you will get none out, ſo———

Ran. Nay I bar ſimiles too, to night.

Dap. Why is not the thought new, don't you apprehend it.

Ran. Yes, yes, but———

Dap. Well, well, will you comply with his ſottiſhneſs too, and hate brisk things in complaiſance to the ignorant dull Age? I believe ſhortly 'twill be as hard to find a patient Friend to communicate ones Wit to, as a Faithful Friend

to

to communicate ones Secret to. Wit has as few true Judges, as painting I ſee.

Ran. All People pretend to be judges of both.

Dap. I, they pretend——but ſet you aſide,
And two more.——

Ran. But why, has *Vincent* neither Courage nor Wit?

Dap. He has no Courage, becauſe he beat his Wench for giving me *les douces yeux once*; and no Wit, becauſe he does not comprehend my thoughts; and he is a Son of a Whore for his Ignorance; I take Ignorance worſe from any Man than the Lye, becauſe it is as much as to ſay I am no Wit.

Vincent *Returns.*

You need not take any notice, though, to him of what I ſay.

Vin. Ranger, there is a Woman below in a Coach wou'd ſpeak with you.

Ran. With me. [*Exit* Ran.

Dap. This *Ranger*, Mr. *Vincent*, is as falſe to his Friend as his Wench.

Vin. You have no reaſon to ſay ſo,
But becauſe he is abſent.

Dap. 'Tis diſobliging to tell a Man of his faults to his Face, if he had but your grave parts, and manly Wit, I ſhou'd adore him; but a Pox he is a meer Buffoon, a Jack-pudding, let me periſh.——

Vin. You are an ungrateful Fellow, I have heard him maintain you had wit, which was more than e'er you cou'd do for your ſelf; I thought you had own'd him your *Mecænas*.

Dap. A Pox! he cannot but eſteem me, 'tis for his honour; but I cannot but be juſt for all that, without favour or affection, yet I confeſs I love him ſo well, that I wiſh he had but the hundredth part of your Courage.

Vin. He has had the Courage to ſave you from many a beating to my knowledge.

Dap. Come, come, I wiſh the Man well, and next to you, better than any Man, and I am ſorry to ſay it, he has not a Courage to ſnuff a Candle with his Fingers; when he is drunk indeed, he dares get a Clap, or ſo——and ſwear at a Conſtable.

Vin. Detracting Fop, when did you ſee him deſert his Friend.

Dap. You have a rough kind of Raillery, Mr. *Vincent*, but ſince you will have it, (though I love the Man heartily, I ſay) he deſerted me once in breaking of Windows, for fear of the Conſtable, Ranger *Returns.*
but you need not take notice to him, of what I tell you; I hate to put a Man to the bluſh.

Ran. I have had juſt now a Viſit from my Miſtreſs, who is as jealous of me, as a Wife of her Husband when ſhe lies in; My Couſin *Lydia*, you have heard me ſpeak of her.

Vin. But ſhe is more troubleſome than a Wife that lies in, becauſe ſhe follows you to your haunts; why do you allow her that privilege before her time?

Ran. Faith, I may allow her any privilege and be too hard for her yet; how do you think I have cheated her to night? Women are poor credulous Creatures, eaſily deceived.

Vin. We are poor credulous Creatures, when we think 'em ſo.

Ran. Intending a Ramble to St. *James*'s Park to night, upon ſome probable hopes

hopes of ſome freſh Game I have in Chaſe, I appointed her to ſtay at home, with a promiſe to come to her within this hour, that ſhe might not foil the ſcent and prevent my ſport.

Vin. She'll be even with you when you are married, I warrant you: in the mean time here's her health, *Dapperwit*.

Ran. Now had he rather be at the Window writing her Anagram in the Glaſs, with his Diamond, or biting his nails in the corner, for a fine thought, to come and divert us with at the Table.

Dap. No, a Pox I have no wit to night, I am as barren and hide-bound as one of your damn'd ſcribling Poets, who are Sots in Company for all their Wit, as a Miſer is poor for all his Money; how do you like the thought.

Vin. Drink, drink.

Dap. Well, I can drink this, becauſe I ſhall be repriev'd preſently.

Vin. Who will be ſo civil to us.

Dap. Sir *Simon Addleplot*, I have beſpoke him a Supper here, for he treats to night a new rich Miſtreſs.

Ran. That Spark who has his fruitleſs deſigns upon the Bed-ridden rich Widow, down to the ſucking Heireſſes in her piſſing Clout; He was once the ſport, but now the publick grievance of all the Fortunes in Town; for he watches them like a younger Brother that is afraid to be mump'd of his ſnip, and they cannot ſteal a Marriage, nor ſtay their ſtomachs, but he muſt know it.

Dap. He has now pitch'd his Nets for *Gripe*'s Daughter the rich Scrivener, and ſerves him as a Clerk to get admiſſion to her, which the watchful Fop her Father, denies to all others.

Ran. I thought you had been nibling at her once, under pretence of love to her Aunt.

Dap. I confeſs I have the ſame deſign yet, and *Addleplot* is but my Agent whilſt he thinks me his; he brings me Letters conſtantly from her, and carries mine back.

Vin. Still betraying your beſt Friends.

Dap. I cannot in honour but betray him (let me periſh,) the poor young Wench is taken with my Perſon, and wou'd ſcratch through four walls to come to me.

Vin. 'Tis a ſign ſhe is kept up cloſe Indeed.

Dap. Betray him, I'll not be Traytor to Love for any Man.

Sir Simon Addleplot *to them with the Waiter.*

Sir Sim. Know 'em, you are a ſawcy Jack-ſtraw to queſtion me, Faith and troth) I know every body, and every body knows me.

All. Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*.

Ran. And you are a welcome Man to every body.

Sir Sim. Now Son of a Whore, do I know the Gentlemen? a Dog, he wou'd have had a ſhilling of me before he wou'd let me come to you.

Ran. The Rogue has been bred at Court ſure;
Get you out, Sirrah.

Sir Sim. He has been bred at a *French* Houſe, where they are more unreaſonable.

Vin.

Vin. Here's to you, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. I cannot drink, for I have a Miſtreſs within, though I wou'd not have the People of the Houſe to know it.

Ran. You need not be aſham'd of your Miſtreſſes, for they are commonly rich.

Sir Sim. And becauſe ſhe is rich, I wou'd conceal her, for I never had a rich Miſtreſs yet, but one or other got her from me preſently, Faith and troth.

Ran. But this is an ill place to conceal a Miſtreſs in, every Waiter is an Intelligencer to your Rivals.

Sir Sim. I have 'trick for that, I'll let no Waiters come into the Room, I'll lay the Cloth my ſelf rather.

Ran. But who is your Miſtreſs.

Sir Sim. Your Servant,——your Servant,—— Mr. *Ranger.*

Vin. Come, will you pledge me?

Sir Sim. No, I'll ſpare your Wine, if you will ſpare me *Dapperwit*'s Company, I came for that.

Vin. You do us a double favour, to take him and leave the Wine.

Sir Sim. Come, come, *Dapperwit.*

Ran. Do not go unleſs he will ſuffer us to ſee his Miſtreſs too. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Come, come Man.

Dap. Would you have me ſo uncivil as to leave my Company; they'll take it ill?

Sir Sim. I cannot find her talk without thee; Pray Gentlemen perſwade Mr. *Dapperwit* to go with me.

Ran. We will not hinder him of better Company.

Dap. Yours is too good to be left rudely.

Sir Sim. Nay Gentlemen I wou'd deſire your Company too, if you knew the Lady.

Dap. They know her as well as I, you ſay I know her not.

Sir Sim. You are not every body. [*Aſide.*

Ran. Perhaps we do know the Lady, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. You do not, you do not, none of you ever ſaw her in your lives; but if you cou'd be ſecret, and civil——

Ran. We have drunk yet but our Bottle a peice.

Sir Sim. But will you be civil, Mr. *Vincent*?

Ran. He dares not look a Woman in the Face under three Bottles.

Sir Sim. Come along then; but can you be civil Gentlemen? will you be civil Gentlemen? pray be civil if you can, and you ſhall ſee her. [*Exit Sir* Sim.

[*Returns with my Lady* Flippant *and Mrs.* Joyner.

Dap. How, has he got his Jilt here? [*Aſide.*

Ran. The Widow *Flippant!*—— [*Aſide.*

Vin. Is this the Woman we never ſaw? [*Aſide.*

Flip. Does he bring us into Company, and *Dapperwit* one? though I had marryed the Fool, I thought to have reſerv'd the Wit as well as other Ladies. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Nay, look as long as you will, Madam, you will find them civil Gentlemen, and good Company. *Flip.*

Flip. I am not in doubt of their civility but yours.

Joyn. You'll never leave ſnubbing your Servants, did you not promiſe to uſe him kindly. [*Behind.*

Flip. 'Tis true. [*Aſide.*

We wanted no good Company, Sir *Simon*, as long as we had yours.

Sir Sim. But they wanted good Company, therefore I forc'd them to accept of yours.

Flip. They will not think theCompany good they were forc'd into certainly.

Sir Sim. A Pox I muſt be uſing the words in faſhion though I never have any luck with 'em, Mrs. *Joyner*, help me off.

Joyn. I ſuppoſe, Madam, he means the Gentlemen wanted not inclination to your Company, but confidence to deſire ſo great an honour, therefore he forc'd 'em.

Dap. What makes this Bawd here? ſure Miſtreſs your Bawds ſhould be like the ſmall Cards, though at firſt you make up the Pack, yet when the Play begins, you ſhould be put out as uſeleſs.

Joyn. Well, well, Gibeing Companion, you wou'd have the Pimps kept in only? you would ſo?

Vin. What, they are quarrelling?

Ran. Pimp and Bawd agree now adays like Doctor and Apothecary.

Sir Sim. Try, Madam, if they are not civil Gentlemen, talk with 'em, while I go lay the Cloth, no Waiter comes here:

My Mother us'd to tell me, I ſhould avoid all occaſions of talking before my Miſtreſs, becauſe ſilence is a ſign of Love as well as Prudence. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Methinks you look a little yellow on't, [*Sir* Simon *laying the Cloth.*

Mr. *Dapperwit*; I hope you do not cenſure me

Becauſe you find me paſſing away a night with this Fool;

He is not a Man to be jealous of ſure.

Dap. You are not a Lady to be jealous of ſure.

Flip. No certainly, but why do you look as if you were jealous then.

Dap. If I had met you in *Wheatſtone*'s-Park, with a drunken Foot-Souldier, I ſhould not have been jealous of you.

Flip. Fye, fye, now you are jealous certainly, for People always when they grow jealous, grow rude; but I can Pardon it ſince it proceeds from love certainly.

Dap. I am out of all hopes to be rid of this eternal old Acquaintance, when I jear her, ſhe thinks her ſelf prais'd, now I call her Whore in plain Engliſh, ſhe thinks I am jealous. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, be not ſo cenſorious, I ſpeak for your ſake, not my own, for Jealouſie is a great torment, but my honour cannot ſuffer certainly.

Dap. No certainly, but the greateſt torment I have is your Love.

Flip. Alas ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, indeed Love is a torment, but 'tis a ſweet torment; but Jealouſie is a bitter torment; I do not go about to cure you of the torment of my Love.

Dap. 'Tis a ſign ſo.

Flip. Come, come, look up Man, is that a Rival to conteſt with you?

Dap. I will conteſt with no Rival, not with my old Rival your Coach-man, but they have heartily my reſignation, and to do you a favour, but my ſelf a greater, I will help tye the knot you are fumbling for now, betwixt your Culley here, and you.

Flip. Go, go, I take that kind of Jealouſie worſt of all, to ſuſpect I would be debauch'd to beaſtly Matrimony; but who are thoſe Gentlemen, pray?—— are they Men of Fortunes, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. I believe ſo.

Flip. Do you believe ſo indeed; Gentlemen.——

[*Advancing towards* Ranger *and* Vincent.

Ran. If the civility we owe to Ladies, had not controul'd our Envy to Mr. *Dapperwit*, we had interrupted e'er this your private Converſation.

Flip. Your interruption, Sir, had been moſt civil, and obliging, for our diſcourſe was of Marriage.

Ran. That is a ſubject, Madam, as grateful as common.

Flip. O fye, fye, are you of that Opinion too? I cannot ſuffer any to talk of it in my Company.

Ran. Are you Married then, Madam?

Flip. No certainly.

Ran. I am ſure ſo much Beauty cannot deſpair of it.

Flip. Deſpair of it——

Ran. Only thoſe that are Married, or cannot be Married, hate to hear of Marriage.

Flip. Yet you muſt know, Sir, my averſion to Marriage is ſuch, that you nor no Man breathing, ſhall ever perſwade me to it.

Ran. Curs'd be the Man ſhou'd do ſo rude a thing as to perſwade you to any thing againſt your inclination; I wou'd not do it for the World, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, though you ſeem to be a civil Gentleman, I think you no better than your Neighbours; I do not know a Man of you all, that will not thruſt a Woman up into a Corner, and then talk an hour to her impertinently of Marriage.

Ran. You wou'd find me another Man in a Corner, I aſſure you, Madam, for you ſhou'd not have a word of Marriage from me, whatſoever you might find in my actions of it; I hate talking as much as you.

Flip. I hate it extreamly.

Ran. I am your Man then, Madam, for I find juſt the ſame fault with your Sex as you do with ours; I ne'er cou'd have to do with Woman in my Life, but ſtill ſhe wou'd be impertinently talking of Marriage to me.

Flip. Obſerve that, Mrs. *Joyner.* [*Aſide.*

Dap. Pray Mr. *Ranger*, let's go, I had rather drink with Mr. *Vincent*, than ſtay here with you; beſides 'tis Park-time.

Ran. I come. [*To* Dap.

Since you are a Lady that hate Marriage, I'll do you the ſervice to withdraw the Company, for thoſe that hate Marriage, hate loſs of time.

Flip. Will you go then, Sir; but before you go, Sir, pray tell me is your averſion to Marriage real?

Ran. As real as yours.

Flip.

Flip. If it were no more real than mine—— [*Aside.*

Ran. Your Servant, Madam.

Flip. But do you hate Marriage certainly? [*Plucks him back.*

Ran. Certainly.

Flip. Come, I cannot believe it, you diſſemble it, only becauſe I pretend it.

Ran. Do you but pretend it then, Madam?

Flip. I ſhall diſcover my ſelf—— [*Aside.*

I mean, becauſe I hold againſt it, you do the ſame in complaiſance; for I have heard ſay, cunning Men think to bring the coy and untractable Women to tameneſs, as they do ſome Mad People by humoring their Frenzes.

Ran. I am none of thoſe cunning Men, yet have too much Wit to entertain the preſumption of deſigning upon you.

Flip. 'Twere no ſuch preſumption neither.

Dap. Come away, 's death don't you ſee your danger?

Ran. Thoſe aims are for Sir *Simon*, good night, Madam.

Flip. Will you needs go then? the Gentlemen are a going, Sir *Simon*, will you let 'em?

Sir Sim. Nay, Madam, if you cannot keep 'em, how ſhould I?

Flip. Stay, Sir, becauſe you hate Marriage, I'll ſing you a new Song againſt it.

She Sings.

A Spouſe I do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe or ſhe's jealous;
But give us a Mate,
Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.

She ſtands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,
Her love for your Farms;
But takes her kind Man at a venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Proceſs, or Warning,
From Wife for a night,
y be divorc'd in the Morning.

When Parents are Slaves,
Their Bratts cannot be any other;
Great Wits, and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

Flip. Though it be the faſhion for Women of Quality to ſing any Song whatever, becauſe the Words are not diſtinguiſh'd; yet I ſhould have bluſh'd to have done it now, but for you, Sir.

Ran. The Song is edifying, the Voice admirable, and once more I am your Servant, Madam.

Flip. What, will you go too, Mr. *Dapperwit?*

Sir Sim. Pray, Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not you go too.

Dap. I am engag'd.

Sir Sim. Well, if we cannot have their Company, we will not have their Room, ours is a private back Room; they have paid their reckoning, let's go thither again.

Flip. But pray, ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not go; keep him, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. I cannot keep him. [*Exeunt* Vin. Ran. Dap.

It is impoſſible; (the World is ſo,)
One cannot keep ones Friend, and Miſtreſs too. [Ex. Omnes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. James's *Park at night.*

Enter Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit.

Ran. HAng me if I am not pleas'd extreamly with this new faſhion'd catter-wouling, this midnight courſing in the Park.

Vin. A Man may come after Supper with his three Bottles in his head, reel himſelf ſober, without reproof from his Mother, Aunt, or grave Relation.

Ran. May bring his baſhful Wench, and not have her put out of Countenance by the impudent honeſt Women of the Town.

Dap. And a Man of Wit may have the better of the dumb ſhew, of well trim'd Veſt, or fair Peruque; no Man's now is whiteſt.

Ran. And now no Woman's modeſt, or proud, for her bluſhes are hid, and the Rubies on her Lips are died, and all ſleepy and glimmering Eyes have loſt their attraction.

Vin. And now a Man may carry a Bottle under his Arm, inſtead of his Hat, and no obſerving ſpruce Fop will miſs the Crevat that lies on ones ſhoulder, or count the Pimples on ones Face.

Dap. And now the brisk Repartee ruins the complaiſant Cringe, or wiſe Grimace; ſomething 'twas, we Men of virtue always lov'd the night.

Ran. O bleſſed Seaſon.

Vin. For good-Fellows.

Ran. For Lovers.

Dap. And for the Muſes.

Ran. When I was a Boy I lov'd the night ſo well, I had a ſtrong vocation to be a Bellman's Apprentice.

Vin. I a Drawer.

Dap. And I to attend the Waits of *Weſtminſter*, let me periſh.

Ran. But why do we not do the duty of this and ſuch other places, walk, cenſure, and ſpeak ill of all we meet?

Dap. 'Tis no fault of mine, let me periſh.

Vin. Fye, fye, Satyrical Gentlemen, this is not your time, you cannot diſtinguiſh a Friend from a Fop.

Dap.

Dap. No matter, no matter, they will deſerve amongſt 'em the worſt we can ſay.

Ran. Who comes here, *Dapperwit?*

Dap. By the toſs of his Head, training of his Feet, and his Elbows playing at Bo-peep Behind his back, it ſhould be my Lord *Eaſy*. [*People walking ſlowly over the Stage.*

Ran. And who the Woman?

Dap. My Lord, what d'ye call's Daughter That had a Child by———

Vin. *Dapperwit*, hold your tongue.

Ran. How are you concern'd?

Vin. Her Brother's an honeſt Fellow, and will drink his Glaſs.

Ran. Prithee, *Vincent*; *Dapperwit* did not hinder drinking to night, though he ſpeak againſt it; why then ſhou'd you interrupt his ſport? now let him talk of any body.

Vin. So he will, till you cut his throat.

Ran. Why ſhou'd you in all occaſions thwart him, contemn him, and maliciouſly look grave at his jeſts only?

Vin. Why do's he always rail againſt my Friends then, and my beſt Friend a Beer-glaſs?

Ran. *Dapperwit*, be your own Advocate, my Game I thing is before me there? [*Exit* Ran.

Dap. This *Ranger*, I think has all the ill qualities, of all your Town Fops, leaving his Company for a ſpruce Lord, Or a Wench.

Vin. Nay, if you muſt rail at your own beſt Friends, I may forgive you, railing at mine.

[Lydia *and my Lady* Flippant *walking over the Stage.*

Lyd. Falſe *Ranger*, ſhall I find thee here? [*Aſide.*

Vin. Thoſe are Women, are they not? [*To* Dap.

Dap. The leaſt ſeems to be my *Lucy* ſure. [*Aſide.*

Vin. Faith I think I dare ſpeak to a Woman in the Dark, let's try.

Dap. They are Perſons of Quality of my Acquaintance; hold.

Vin. Nay, if they are Perſons of Quality of your Acquaintance, I may be the bolder with 'em.

The Ladies go off, they follow them; Lydia *and* Flippant *Re-enter:*

Lyd. I come hither to make a diſcovery to night.

Flip. Of my love to you certainly; for no body but you cou'd have debauch'd me to the Park certainly; I wou'd not return another night, if it were to redeem my dear Husband from his grave.

Lyd. I believe you, but to get another, Widow.

Flip. Another Husband, another Husband, foh!

Lyd. There does not paſs a night here, but many a match is made.

Flip. That a Woman of Honour ſhou'd have the word match in her mouth: but I hope, Madam, the Fellows do not make honourable Love here, do they? I abominate honourable Love, upon my Honour.

Lyd. If they ſhould make honourable Love here, I know you would prevent 'em.

Vincent

Vincent *and* Dapperwit *Re-enter, and walk ſlowly towards them.*

But here come two Men will inform you what they do.

Flip. Do they come? are they Men certainly?

Lyd. Prepare for an Aſſault, they'l put you to't.

Flip. Will they put us to't certainly? I was never put to't yet; if they ſhou'd put us to't, I ſhould drop down, down certainly.

Lyd. I believe, truly, you wou'd not have power to run away.

Flip. Therefore I will not ſtay the puſh, they come, they come, oh the Fellows come!

Flippant *runs away*, Lydia *follows*, *and* Vincent *and* Dapperwit *after them.*

Flippant *Re-enters at t'other door alone.*

So, I am got off clear: I did not run from the Men, but my Companion, for all their brags, Men have hardly Courage to ſet upon us, when our number is equal; now they ſhall ſee I defie 'em: for we Women have always moſt Courage when we are alone; but a Pox—the lazie Rogues come not, or they are Drunk and cannot run: Oh drink, abominable drink! inſtead of inflaming Love, it quenches it, and for one Lover it incourages, it makes a thouſand impotent. Curſe on all Wine, even Rheniſh-Wine and Sugar———

Enter Addleplot *muffled in a Cloak.*

But Fortune will not ſee me want, here comes a ſingle Bully, I wiſh he may ſtand;

For now anights the joſtling Nymph is bolder,
Than modern Satyr with his Cloak o're ſhoulder.

Well met, Sir. [*She puts on her Mask.*

Sir *Sim.* How ſhall I know that, forſooth, who are you? do you know me?

Flip. Who are you? don't you know me?

Sir *Sim.* Not, I Faith and troth.

Flip. I am glad on't, for no Man e'er lik'd a Woman the better for having known her before.

Sir *Sim.* I, but then one can't be ſo free with a new Acquaintance, as with an old one; ſhe may deny one the Civility.

Flip. Not till you ask her.

Sir *Sim.* But I am afraid to be deny'd.

Flip. Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot diſ-oblige us Women more, than in diſtruſting us.

Sir *Sim.* Piſh, what ſhou'd one ask for, when you know one's meaning? but ſhall I deal freely with you?

Flip. I love of my Life Men ſhould deal freely with me; there are ſo few Men will deal freely with one———

Sir *Sim.* Are you not a Fireſhip? a Punk, Madam?

Flip. Well, Sir, I Love Raillery.

Sir *Sim.* Faith and troth I do not rally, I deal freely.

Flip. This is the time and place for freedom, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Are you handſom?

Flip. Joan's as good as my Lady in the dark, certainly; but Men that deal freely, never ask Queſtions, certainly.

Sir

Sir *Ssm.* How then! I thought to deal freely, and put a Womon to the Queſtion, had been all one.

Flip. But let me tell you, thoſe that deal freely indeed, take a Woman by—

Sir *Sim.* What, what, what, what?

Flip. By the hand and lead her aſide.

Sir *Sim.* Now I underſtand you, come along then.

Enter Torches and Muſick at a diſtance.

Flip. What unmannerly Raſcals are thoſe that bring light into the Park? 't will not be taken well from 'em by the Women certainly; ſtill diſappointed— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* Oh the Fiddles, the Fiddles, I ſent for them hither to oblige the Women, not offend 'em; for I intend to Serenade the whole Park to night; but my Frolick is not without an intrigue, Faith and troth: for I know the Fiddles will call the whole Herd of vizard Masks together; and then ſhall I diſcover if a ſtray'd Miſtreſs of mine be not amongſt 'em, whom I treated to night at the *French-Houſe*; but as ſoon as the Jilt had eat up my meat, and drank her two Bottles, ſhe run away from me, and left me alone.

Flip. How! is it he! *Addleplot*, that I cou'd not know him by his and Faith troth. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* Now I wou'd underſtand her tricks, becauſe I intend to Marry her, and ſhou'd be glad to know what I muſt truſt to.

Flip. So thou ſhalt, but not yet. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* Though I can give a great gueſs already; for if I have any intrigue or ſenſe in me, ſhe is as arrant a Jilt, as ever Pull'd Pillow from under Husband's head, Faith and troth: moreover ſhe is bow-legg'd, hopper-hipp'd, and betwixt Pomatum and Spaniſh Red, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheeſe, and no more Teeth left, than ſuch as give a Hauſt-gouſt to her breath; but ſhe is rich (Faith and troth.)

Flip. Oh Raſcal! he has heard ſome body elſe ſay all this of me; but I muſt not diſcover my ſelf, leſt I ſhould be diſappointed of my revenge, for I will marry him. [*Aſide.*

The Torches and Muſick approaching. [*Ex.* Flippant.

Sir *Sim.* What gone? come then, ſtrike up my lads.

Enter Men and Women in Vizards, and Dance.

Addleplot *for the moſt part ſtanding ſtill in a Cloak and Vizard, but ſometimes going about peeping, and examining the Womens Cloaths; the Dance ended.*

[*Exeunt Dancers, Torches, Muſick, and* Addleplot.

Enter Flippant, Lydia, *after them* Vincent, Dapperwit.

Flip. Nay, if you ſtay any longer, I muſt leave you again. [*To Lydia.*

Vin. We have over-taken them at laſt again. [Flip. *going off.*

Theſe are they: they ſeparate too,
And that's but a challenge to us.

Dap. Let me Periſh, Ladies———

Lyd. Nay, good Madam, let's unite, now here's the common Enemy upon us.

Vin. Damn me, Ladies———

Dap. Hold, a Pox you are too rough, let me periſh, Ladies.

Lyd. Not for want of breath, Gentlemen, wee'l ſtay rather.

Dap. For want of your favour rather, ſweet Ladies.

Flip. That's *Dapperwit*, falſe Villain; but he muſt not know I am here; if he ſhould, I ſhould loſe his thrice agreeable Company, and he would run from me, as faſt as from the Bayliffs. What you will not talk with 'em I hope?

Lyd. Yes, but I will.

Flip. Then you are a Park-Woman certainly, and you will take it kindly if I leave you.

Lyd. No, you muſt not leave me. [*Apart.*

Flip. Then you muſt leave them.

Lyd. I'll ſee if they are worſe Company then you firſt.

Flip. Monſtrous Impudence, will you not come? *Pulls* Lydia.

Vin. Nay, Madam, I never ſuffer any violence to be us'd to a Woman, but what I do my ſelf; ſhe muſt ſtay, and you muſt not go.

Flip. Unhand me, you rude Fellow.

Vin. Nay, now I am ſure you will ſtay and be kind; for coyneſs in a Woman is as little ſign of true modeſty, as huffing in a Man, is of true Courage.

Dap. Uſe her gently, and ſpeak ſoft things to her.

Lyd. Now do I gueſs I know my Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Sir, I am extremely glad I am fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, that can ſpeak ſoft things; and this is ſo fine a night to hear ſoft things in; Morning I ſhou'd have ſaid.

Dap. It will not be Morning, dear Madam, till you pull off your Mask; that I think was brisk——— [*Aſide.*

Lyd. Indeed, dear Sir, my Face would frighten back the Sun.

Dap. With glories, more radiant than his own;

I keep up with her, I think. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. But why wou'd you put me to the trouble of lighting the World, when I thought to have gone to ſleep?

Dap. You only can do it, dear Madam, let me periſh.

Lyd. But why wou'd you (of all Men) practice Treaſon againſt your Friend *Phœbus*, and depoſe him, for a meer Stranger?

Dap. I think ſhe knows me. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. But he does not do you juſtice I believe, and you are ſo poſitively cock-ſure of your Wit, you wou'd refer to a meer ſtranger your Plea to the Bay-tree.

Dap. She jears me, let me periſh. [*Aſide.*

Vin. Dapperwit, a little of your aid, for my Lady's invincibly dumb.

Lyd. Wou'd mine had been ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Vin. I have us'd as many Arguments to make her ſpeak, as are requiſite to make other Women hold their tongues.

Dap. Well, I am ready to change ſides, yet before I go, Madam; ſince the Moon conſents, now I ſhou'd ſee your Face, let me deſire you to pull off your Mask, which to a handſom Lady is a favour, I'm ſure.

Lyd. Truly, Sir, I muſt not be long in debt to you for the obligation; pray, let me hear you recite ſome of your Verſes, which to a Wit, is a favour I'm ſure.

Dap. Madam, it belongs to your Sex to be oblig'd firſt; pull off your Mask, and I'll pull out my Paper.

Brisk again of my ſide. [*Aſide.*

Lyd.

Lyd. 'Twou'd be in vain, for you would want a Candle now.

Dap. I dare not make uſe again of the luſtre of her Face: I'll Wait upon you home then, Madam. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. Faith no, I believe it will not be much to our advantages, to bring my Face or your Poetry to light, for I hope, you have yet a pretty good opinion of my Face, and ſo have I of your Wit; but if you are for proving your Wit, why do not you write a Play?

Dap. Becauſe 'tis now no more reputation to write a Play than it is honour to be a Knight: your true Wit deſpiſes the Title of Poet, as much as your true Gentleman the Title of Knight; for as a Man may be a Knight and no Gentleman, ſo a Man may be a Poet and no Wit, let me periſh.

Lyd. Pray, Sir, how are you dignifi'd or diſtinguiſh'd amongſt the rates of Wits? and how many rates are there?

Dap. There are as many degrees of Wits, as of Lawyers; as there is firſt your Sollicitor, then your Attorney, then your Pleading-Counſel, then your Chamber-Counſel, and then your Judge; ſo there is firſt your Court-Wit, your Coffee-Wit, your Poll-Wit, or Pollitick-Wit, your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit, and laſt of all, your Judg-Wit, or Critick.

Lyd. But are there as many Wits as Lawyers? Lord, what will become of us? what employment can they have? how are they known?

Dap. Firſt your Court-Wit is a faſhionable, inſinuating, flattering, cringing, grimacing, Fellow; and has Wit enough to ſollicit a ſuit of Love; and if he fail, he has Malice enough to ruin the Woman with a dull Lampoon, but he rails ſtill at the Man that is abſent, for you muſt know, all Wits rail; and his Wit properly lies in combing Perruques, matching Ribbonds, and being ſevere as they call it, upon other Peoples Cloaths.

Lyd. Now, what is the Coffee-Wit?

Dap. He is a lying cenſorious, goſſiping quibling Wretch, and ſets People together by the Ears over that ſober drink Coffee; he is a Wit, as he is a Commentator upon the Gazet, and he rails at the Pyrats of *Algiere*, the Grand Signior of *Conſtantinople*, and the Chriſtian Grand Signior.

Lyd. What kind of Man is your Poll-Wit?

Dap. He is a fidgeting, buſie, dogmatical, hot-headed Fop, that ſpeak always in Sentences and Proverbs, (as others in ſimilitudes) and he rails perpetually againſt the preſent Government; his Wit lies in projects and monopolies, and penning Speeches for young Parliament Men.

Lyd. But what is your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit?

Dap. He is a poring, melancholy modeſt Sot, aſham'd of the World; he ſearches all the Records of Wit, to compile a Breviate of them for the uſe of Players, Printers, Book-ſellers, and ſometimes Cooks, Tobacco-men; he imploys his railing againſt the ignorance of the Age, and all that have more money than he.

Lyd. Now your laſt.

Dap. Your Judge-Wit or Critick, is all theſe together, and yet has the Wit to be none of them; he can think, ſpeak, write, as well as all the reſt but ſcorns (himſelf a Judge) to be judg'd by Poſterity; he rails at all the other Claſſes of Wits, and his Wit lies in damming all but himſelf: he is your true Wit.

Lyd. Then, I ſuſpect you are of his Form.

Dap. I cannot deny it, Madam

Vin. *Dapperwit*, you have been all this time on the wrong ſide, for you love to talk all, and here's a Lady wou'd not have hindred you.

Dap. A Pox, I have been talking too long indeed here; for Wit is loſt upon a ſilly weak Woman, as well as Courage. [*Aſide.*

Vin. I have us'd all common means to move a Womans Tongue and Mask; I call'd her ugly, old, and old Acquaintance, and yet ſhe wou'd not diſprove me: but here comes *Ranger*, let him try what he can do, for ſince my Miſtreſs is dogged, I'll go ſleep alone. [*Exit.*

Ranger *Enters.*

Lyd. Ranger! 'tis he indeed; I am ſorry he is here, but glad I diſcovered him before I went, yet he muſt not diſcover me, leſt I ſhould be prevented hereafter, in finding him out, falſe *Ranger*. [*Aſide.*

Nay, if they bring freſh force upon us, Madam, 'tis time to quit this Field. [*Ex.* Lyd. Flip.

Ran. What, play with your quarrey till it fly from you.

Dap. You frightned it away.

Ran. Ha! is not one of thoſe Ladies in mourning?

Dap. All Women are ſo by this light.

Ran. But you might eaſily deſcern it, don't you know her?

Dap. No.

Ran. Did you talk with her?

Dap. Yes, ſhe's one of your brisk ſilly Baggages.

Ran. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, I was afraid I ſaw her before, let us follow 'em, prithee make haſte. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis *Lydia.* [*Aſide.*

Lydia, *my Lady* Flippant *return at the other door*,
Ranger, Dapperwit, *following them at a diſtance.*

Lyd. They follow us yet I fear.

Flip. You do not fear it certainly, otherwiſe, you wou'd not have encourag'd them.

Lyd. For Heavens ſake, Madam, wave your quarrel a little; and let us paſs by your Coach, and ſo on foot to your Acquaintance in the old *Pell-Mell*; for I would not be diſcover'd by the Man that came up laſt to us. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Chriſtina's *Lodging.*

Enter Chriſtina, Iſabel.

Iſa. For Heavens ſake undreſs your ſelf, Madam; they'll not return to night, all People have left the Park an hour ago.

Chri. What is't a Clock?

Iſa. 'Tis paſt one.

Chri. It cannot be.

Iſa. I thought, that time had only ſtolen from happy Lovers; the Diſconſolate have nothing to do but to tell the Clock.

Chri. I can only keep account with my Misfortunes.

Iſa. I am glad they are not innumerable.

Chri. And truly my undergoing ſo often your impertinency, is not the leaſt of them. *Iſa.*

Isa. I am then more glad, Madam, for then they cannot be great, and it is in my power, it seems, to make you in part happy, if I cou'd but hold this villanous tongue of mine, but then let the People of the Town hold their tongues if they will, for I cannot but tell you what they say.

Chri. What do they say?

Isa. Faith, Madam, I am afraid to tell you, now I think on't.

Chri. Is it so ill?

Isa. Oh, such base unworthy things.

Chri. Do they say, I was really *Clerimont*'s Wench as he boasted; and that the ground of the quarrel betwixt *Valentine* and him, was not *Valentin.* s Vindication of my honour, but *Clerimont*'s jealousie of him.

Isa. Worse, worse a thousand times, such Villanous things to the utter ruin of your Reputation.

Chri. What are they?

Isab. Faith, Madam, you'll be angry, 'tis the old trick of Lovers to hate their Informers, after they have made 'em such.

Chri. I will not be angry.

Isab. They say then, since Mr. *Valentine*'s flying into *France*, you are grown mad, have put your self into Mourning, live in a dark Room, where you'll see no body, nor take any rest day or night, but rave and talk to your self perpetually.

Chri. Now what else?

Isab. But the surest sign of your madness is, they say, because you are desperately resolv'd (in case my Lord *Clerimont* should dye of his wounds) to Transport your self and Fortune into *France*, to Mr. *Valentine*, a Man that has not a groat to return you in Exchange.

Chri. All this hitherto, is true; now to the rest.

Isab. Indeed Madam, I have no more to tell you, I was sorry, I'm sure, to hear so much of any Lady of mine.

Chri. Insupportable insolence.

Isab. This is some revenge for my want of sleep to night; so I hope my old Second is come; 'tis seasonable relief. [*Aside.* [*Knocking at the door.*

Chri. Unhappy *Valentine*, cou'dst thou but [*Exit. Isabella.*
see how soon thy absence, and mis-fortunes have disbanded all thy Friends, and turn'd thy Slaves all Renegades, thou sure wou'dst prize my only Faithful Heart.

Enter my Lady Flippant, Lydia, Isabel, *to her.*

Flip. Hail Faithful Shepherdess; but truly, I had not kept my word with you, in coming back to night, if it had not been for this Lady, who has her intrigues too with the Fellows, as well as you.

Lyd. Madam, under my Lady *Flippants* protection, I am confident to beg yours; being just now pursu'd out of the Park, by a Relation of mine, by whom it imports me extreamly not to be discover'd; but I fear he is now at the door.
[*Knocking at the door.*
Let me desire you to deny me to him couragiously, [*To* Isabel *going out.*
For he will hardly believe he can be mistaken in me.

Chri. In such an occasion where impudence is requisite, she will serve you, as Faithfully as you can wish, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, Madam, do not upbraid her with her assurance, a qualification that only fits her for a Ladies Service; a fine Woman of the Town, can be no more without a Woman that can make an excuse with an assurance, than she can be without a glass certainly.

Chri. She needs no Advocate.

Flip. How can any one alone manage an amorous intrigue; though the Birds are tame, some body must help draw the Net; if 'twere not for a Woman that could make an excuse with assurance, how shou'd we wheedle, jilt, trace, discover, countermine, undermine, and blow up the stinking Fellows, which is all the pleasure I receive, or design by them; for I never admitted a Man to my Conversation, but for his punishment certainly.

Chri. No body will doubt that, certainly.

Isabel *returns.*

Isab. Madam, the Gentleman will not be mistaken he says you are here, he saw you come in; he is your Relation, his Name's *Ranger*, and is come to wait upon you home; I had much ado to keep him from coming up.

Lyd. Madam, for Heavens sake help me, 'tis yet in your Power, if but while I retire into your Dining-room, you will please to personate me, [*To* Christina. and own your self, for her, he pursu'd out of the Park; you are in Mourning too, and your Stature so much mine, it will not contradict you.

Chri. I am sorry, Madam, I must dispute any Command of yours; I have made a resolution to see the Face of no Man, till an unfortunate Friend of mine, now out of the Kingdom, return.

Lyd. By that Friend, and by the hopes you have to see him let me conjure you to keep me from the sight of mine now; Dear Madam, let your Charity prevail over your Superstition.

Isab. He comes, he comes, Madam,

Ranger *enters.*

Lydia *withdraws and stands unseen at the door.*

Ran. Ha! this is no *Lydia.*

Chri. What unworthy defamer has encouraged you to offer me this Insolence.

Ran. She is liker *Lydia* in her style, than her Face; I see I am mistaken, but to tell her I follow'd her for another, were an affront, rather than an excuse; she's a glorious Creature. [*Aside.*

Chri. Tell me, Sir, whence had you reason for this your rude pursuit of me, into my Lodging, my Chamber; why should you follow me?

Ran. Faith, Madam, because you run away from me.

Chri. That was no sign of an acquaintance.

Ran. You'll pardon me, Madam.

Chri. Then it seems you mistook me for another, and the night is your excuse, which blots out all distinctions: but now you are satisfied in your mistake, I hope, you will seek out your Woman in another place.

Ran. Madam, I allow not the excuse you make for me; if I have offended, I will rather be condemned for my love, than pardon'd for my insensibility.

Lyd. How's that? [*Behind.*

Chri. What do you say?

Ran.

Ran. Though the night had been darker, my heart wou'd not have ſuffer'd me to follow any one but you; he has been too long acquainted with you, to miſtake you.

Lyd. What means this tenderneſs; he miſtook me for her ſure? [*Behind.*

Chri. What ſayes the Gentleman? did you know me then, Sir?

Ran. Not I, the Devil take me, but I muſt on now. [*Aſide.*

Cou'd you imagine, Madam, by the innumerable crowd of your Admirers, you had left any Man free in the Town, or ignorant of the Power of your Beauty.

Chri. I never ſaw your face before, that I remember.

Ran. Ah Madam! you wou'd never regard your humb'leſt Slave; I was till now a modeſt Lover.

Lyd. Falſeſt of Men. [*Behind.*

Chri. My Woman ſaid, you came to ſeek a Relation here, not a Miſtreſs.

Ran. I muſt confeſs, Madam I thought you wou'd ſooner diſprove my diſſembled Error, than admit my Viſit; and I was reſolv'd to ſee you.

Lyd. 'Tis clear. [*Behind.*

Ran. Indeed, when I follow'd you firſt out of the Park, I was afraid you might have been a certain Relation of mine, for your Statures and Habits are the ſame; but when you enter'd here, I was with joy convinc'd: Beſides, I would not for the World have given her troubleſome love, ſo much encouragement, to have diſturb'd my future addreſſes to you; for the fooliſh Woman do's perpetually torment me, to make our Relation nearer; but never more in vain, than ſince I have ſeen you, Madam.

Lyd. How ſhall I ſuffer this? 'tis clear he diſapointed me to night for her, and made me ſtay at home, that I might not diſappoint him of her Company in the Park. [*Behind.*

Chri. I am amaz'd! but let me tell you, Sir, if the Lady were here, I wou'd ſatisfie her, the ſight of me ſhou'd never fruſtrate her ambitious deſigns upon her cruel Kinſman.

Dyd. I wiſh you cou'd ſatisfie me. [*Behind.*

Ran. If ſhe were here, ſhe wou'd ſatisfie you, ſhe were not capable of the honour to be taken for you (though in the dark) faith, my Couſin is but a tolerable Women to a man that had not ſeen you.

Chri. Sure to my Plague, this is the firſt time you ever ſaw me?

Ran. Sure to the Plague of my poor heart, 'tis not the hundreth time I have ſeen you; for ſince the time I ſaw you firſt, you have not been at the Park, Play-houſe, Exchange, or other publick place, but I ſaw you; for it was my buſineſs to watch and follow you.

Chri. Pray, when did you ſee me laſt at the Park, Play-houſe, or Exchange.

Ran. Some two, three days, or a Week ago.

Chri. I have not been this Month out of this Chamber.

Lyd. That is to delude me. [*Behind.*

Chri. I knew you were miſtaken.

Ran. You'll pardon a Lovers memory, Madam.

A Pox, I have hang'd my ſelf in my own line, one would think, my perpetual ill luck in lying, ſhould break me of the quality; but like a looſing Gamſter, I am ſtill for puſhing on, till none will truſt me. [*Aſide.*

Chri.

Chri. Come, Sir, you run out of one Errour into a greater, you would Excuſe the rudeneſs of your miſtake, and intruſion at this hour, into my Lodgings, with your gallantry to me, more unſeaſonable and offenſive.

Ran. Nay, I am in love I ſee, for I bluſh, and have not a word to ſay for my ſelf.

Chri. But, Sir, if you will needs play the Gallant, pray leave my Houſe before Morning, leſt you ſhould be ſeen go hence, to the ſcandal of my honour.

Chri. Rather than that ſhou'd be, I'll call up the Houſe and Neighbours to bear witneſs, I bid you be gone.

Ran. Since you take a night-viſit ſo ill, Madam, I will never wait upon you again, but by day; I go, that I may hope to return, and for once, I wiſh you a good night without me.

Chri. Good night, for as long as I live. [*Ex.* Ranger.

Lyd. And good night to my love, I'm ſure. [*Behind.*

Chri. Though I have done you an inconſiderable ſervice, I aſſure you, Madam, you are not a little oblig'd to me.
Pardon me, dear *Valentine*. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. I know not yet, whether I am more oblig'd than injur'd; when I do I aſſure you, Madam, I ſhall not be inſenſible of either.

Chri. I fear, Madam, you are as liable to miſtakes, as your Kinſman.

Lyd. I fear, I am more ſubject to 'em, it may be for want of ſleep, therefore I'll go home.

Chri. My Lady *Flippant*, good night.

Flip. Good night, or rather good morrow, faithful Shepherdeſs.

Chri. I'll wait of you down.

Lyd. Your Coach ſtays yet, I hope.

Flip. Certainly.

The Scene, the Street.

Enter Ranger, *and* Dapperwit.

Dap. I was a faithful Sentinel; no body came out, let me periſh.

Ran. No, no, I hunted upon a wrong ſcent; I thought I had follow'd a Woman, but found her an Angel.

Dap. What is her Name?

Ran. That you muſt tell me; What very find Woman is there lies hereabouts?

Dap. Faith, I know not any, ſhe is I warrant you ſome fine Woman, of a Terms ſtanding or ſo in the Town; ſuch as ſeldom appear in publick, but in there Balcones, where they ſtand ſo conſtantly, one would think they had hir'd no other part of the Houſe.

Ran. And look like the Pictures, which Painters expoſe to draw in Cuſtomers; but I muſt know who ſhe is, *Vincents* Lodging is hard by, I'll go and enquire of him, and lye with him to night; but if he will not let me, I'll lye with you, for my lodging is too far off——

Dap. Then I will go before, and expect you at mine. [*Ex.*

The

The Scene, Vincent's *Lodging*.

Enter Vincent, *and* Valentine, *in a riding habit, as newly from a Journey.*

Vin. Your Miſtreſs, dear *Valentine*, will not be more glad to ſee you; but my wonder is no leſs then my joy, that you wou'd return ere you were inform'd *Clerimont* were out of Danger; his Surgeons themſelves, have not been aſſur'd of his recovery, till within theſe two days.

Val. I fear'd my Miſtreſs, not my Life; my Life I cou'd truſt again with my old Enemy, Fortune; but not longer, my Miſtreſs, in the hands of my greater Enemies, her Relations.

Vin. Your fear was in the wrong Place then, for though my Lord *Clerimont* live, he and his Relations, may put you in more Danger of your Life, than you Miſtreſſes Relations can of looſing her.

Val. Wou'd any cou'd ſecure me her, I wou'd my ſelf ſecure my Life, for I ſhould value it then.

Vin. Come, come, her Relations can do you no hurt; I dare ſwear, If her Mother ſhou'd but ſay, your Hat did not cock handſomly, ſhe wou'd never ask her Bleſſing again.

Val. Prithee leave thy fooling, and tell me, if ſince my departure, She has given evidences of her love, to clear thoſe doubts I went away with, for as abſence is the bane of common and baſtard Love; 'tis the vindication of that, which is true and generous.

Vin. Nay, if you cou'd ever doubt her Love, you deſerve to doubt on; for there is no puniſhment great enough for Jealouſie, but Jealouſie.

Val. You may remember, I told you before my flight, I had quarrell'd with the defamer of my Miſtreſs, but thought I had kill'd my Rival.

Vin. But pray give me now the Anſwer, which the ſuddenneſs of your flight deny'd me; how cou'd *Clerimont* hope to ſubdue her heart, by the aſſault of her honour?

Val. Piſh, it might be the ſtratagem of a Rival, to make me deſiſt.

Vin. For ſhame, if 'twere not rather to vindicate her, than ſatisfie you, I wou'd not tell you, how like a *Penelope* ſhe has behav'd her ſelf in your abſence.

Val. Let me know.

Vin. Then know, the next day you went, ſhe put her ſelf into mourning, and——

Val. That might be for *Clerimont*, thinking him dead, as all the World beſides thought.

Vin. Still turning the Daggers point on your ſelf, hear me out; I ſay ſhe put her ſelf into Mourning for you——lock'd up her ſelf in her Chamber, this Month for you——ſhut out her barking Relations for you——has not ſeen the Sun or Face of Man, ſince ſhe ſaw you —— thinks, and talks of no thing but you——ſends to me daily, to hear of you——and in ſhort (I think) is mad for you——all this I can ſwear, for I am to her ſo near a Neighbour, and ſo inquiſitive a Friend for you——

Servant to them.

Ser. Mr. *Ranger*, Sir, is coming up.

Vin.

Vin. What brings him now? he comes to lye with me.

Val. Who, *Ranger?*

Vin. Yes, pray retire a little, till I ſend him off, unleſs you have a mind to have your arrival publiſh'd to morrow, in the Coffee-Houſes.

Ran. What, not yet a-bed? your Man is laying you to ſleep.

[Valentine *retires to the door behind.*

with Uſquebaugh or Brandy, is he not ſo?

Vin. What Punk will not be troubled with you to night, therefore I am, is it not ſo?

Ran. I have been turn'd out of doors indeed juſt now, by a Woman, but ſuch a Woman, *Vincent*———

Vin. Yes, yes, your Women are always ſuch Women.———

Ran. A Neighbour of yours, and I'm ſure the fineſt you have.

Vin Prithee do not aſperſe my Neighbourhood with your Acquaintance; 'twould bring a Scandal upon an Alley.

Ran. Nay, I do not know her, therefore I come to you.

Vin. 'Twas no wonder, ſhe turn'd you out of doors then; and if ſhe had known you, 'twould have been a wonder ſhe had let you ſtay; but where does ſhe live?

Ran. Five Doors off on the right hand.

Vin. Piſh, piſh———

Ran. What's the matter?

Vin. —— Does ſhe live there, do you ſay?

Ran. Yes, I obſerv'd them exactly, that my account from you, might be as exact; do you know who lives there?

Vin. Yes, ſo well, that I know you are miſtaken.

Ran. Is ſhe not a young Lady ſcarce eighteen, of extraordinary Beauty, her ſtature next to low, and in mourning?

Val. What is this? [*Behind.*

Vin. She is; but if you ſaw her, you broke in at Window.

Ran. I chas'd her home from the Park, indeed, taking her for another Lady who had ſome claim to my heart, 'till ſhe ſhew'd a better title to't.

Vin. Hah, hah, hah.

Val. Was ſhe at Park then? and have I a new Rival? [*Behind.*

Vin. From the Park did you follow her, do you ſay I knew you were miſtaken.

Ran. I tell you I am not.

Vin. If you are ſure, it was that Houſe, it might be perhaps her Woman ſtollen to the Park, unknown to her Lady.

Ran. My Acquaintance does uſually begin with the Maid firſt, but now 'twas with the Miſtreſs, I aſſure you.

Vin. The Miſtreſs! I tell you, ſhe has not been out of her doors ſince *Valentincre*'s flight; ſhe is his Miſtreſs, the great Heireſs *Chriſtina.*

Ran. I tell you then again I followd that *Chriſtina*, from the Park home, where I talk'd with her half an hour, and intend to ſee her to Morrow again.

Val. Would ſhe talk with him too? [*Behind.*

Vin. It cannot be.

Ran.

Ran. Chriſtina, do you call her? Faith I am ſorry ſhe is an Heireſs, leſt it ſhould bring the ſcandal of intereſt, and deſign of lucre upon my Love.

Vin. No, no, her Face and Virtues will free you from that cenſure; but however, 'tis not fairly done to Rival your Friend *Valentine* in his abſence; and when he is preſent, you know 'twill be dangerous, by my Lord *Clerimont*'s Example; Faith if you have ſeen her, I would not adviſe you to attempt it again.

Ran. You may be merry, Sir, you are not in Love; your advice I came not for, nor will I for your aſſiſtance; good night.

Val. Here's your *Penelope*, the Woman that [*Ex.* Ranger.
had not ſeen the Sun, nor Face of Man, ſince my departure; for it ſeems ſhe goes out in the night, when the Sun is abſent, and faces are not diſtinguiſh'd.

Vin. Why, do you believe him?

Val. Shou'd I believe you?

Vin. 'Twere more for your intereſt, and you wou'd be leſs deceiv'd; if you believe him, you muſt doubt the Chaſtity of all the fine Women in Town, and five miles about.

Val. His reports of them, will little invalidate his teſtimony with me.

Vin. He ſpares not the Innocents in Bibs and Aprons (I'll ſecure you) he has made (at beſt) ſome groſs miſtake concerning *Chriſtina*, which to Morrow will diſcover; in the mean time let us go ſleep.

Val. I will not hinder you, becauſe I cannot enjoy it my ſelf;

Hunger, Revenge, to ſleep are petty Foes,
But only Death the jealous Eyes can cloſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Croſsbite's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. *Joyner*, Mrs. *Croſsbite.*

Joyn. GOod Morrow, Goſſip.

Croſ. Good Morrow; but why up ſo early, good Goſſip?

Joyn. My care and paſſionate concern for you, and yours, wou'd not let me reſt (in truly.)

Croſ. For me and mine?

Joyn. You know, we have known one another long; I think it be ſome nine and thirty years ſince you were Married.

Croſ. Nine and thirty years old, Miſtreſs? I'd have you to know, I am no far born Child; and if the Regiſter had not been burn'd in the laſt great Fire, alas; but my Face needs no Regiſter ſure: nine and thirty years old, ſaid you, Miſtreſs?

Joyn. I ſaid you had been ſo long Married; but, indeed, you bear your years as well as any ſhe in *Pepper-Alley.*

Croſ. Nine and thirty, Miſtreſs?

Joyn. This it is; a Woman, now-adays, had rather you should find her faulty with a Man, I warrant you, than discover her Age, I warrant you.

Crof. Marry and 'tis the greater secret far; tell a Miser he is rich, and a Woman she is old; you will get no Money of him, nor kindness of her: to tell me I was nine and thirty (I say no more) 'twas unneighbourly done of you, Mistress.

Joyn. My memory confesses my Age, it seems, as much as my Face, for I thought------

Crof. Pray talk, nor think no more of any ones Age; but say, what brought you hither so early?

Joyn. How does my sweet God-daughter? Poor Wretch.

Crof. Well, very well.

Joyn. Ah sweet Creature; alas, alas, I am sorry for her.

Crof. Why, what has she done to deserve your sorrow, or my reprehension?

Lucy *comes to the door.*

Lucy. What, are they talking of me? [*Behind.*

Joyn. In short, she was seen going into the Meeting-house of the Wicked, otherwise called the Play-House, hand in hand, with that vile Fellow *Dapperwit*.

Crof. Mr. *Dapperwit*; let me tell you, if 'twere not for Master *Dapperwit*, we might have liv'd all this Vacation upon Green Cheese, Tripe, and Ox-cheek; if he had it, we should not want it; but poor Gentleman, it often goes hard with him, for he's a Wit.

Joyn. So then, you are the Dog to be fed, while the House is broken up; I say beware, the sweet bits you swallow, will make your Daughters belly swell, Mistress; and after all your Junkets, there will be a bone for you to pick, Mistress.

Crof. Sure, Master *Dapperwit* is no such manner of Man?

Joyn. He is a Wit, you say, and what are Wits? but contemners of Matrons, Seducers, or Defamers of married Women, and Deflourers of helpless Virgins, even in the Streets, upon the very bulks; Affronters of midnight Magistracy, and Breakers of Windows in a word.

Crof. But he is a little-Wit, a modest Wit, and they do no such outragious things as your great Wits do.

Joyn. Nay, I dare say, he will not say himself he is a little Wit, if you ask him.

Lucy. Nay, I cannot hear this with Patience; with your Pardon, [*Aside.* Mother, you are as much mistaken, as my God-mother in Mr. *Dapperwit*; for he is as great a Wit as any, and in what he speaks or writes, as happy as any; I can assure you, he contemns all your tearing Wits, in comparison of himself.

Joyn. Alas, poor young Wretch, I cannot blame thee so much as thy Mother, for thou art not thy self; his bewitching Madrigals have charm'd thee into some Heathenish Imp with a hard name.

Lucy. Nymph, you mean, God-mother.

Joyn. But you Gossip, know what's what; Yesterday, as I told you, a fine Old Alderman of the City, seeing your Daughter in so ill hands as *Dapperwit*'s, was zealously, and in pure Charity, bent upon her redemption; and has sent me to tell you, he will take her into his care, and relieve your necessities, if you think good.

Crof.

Crof. Will he relieve all our neceſſities?

Joyn. All.

Crof. Mine, as well as my Daughter's?

Joyn. Yes.

Crof. Well fare his heart; d'y hear, Daughter, Mrs. *Joyner* has ſatisfy'd me clearly; *Dapperwit* is a vile Fellow, and in ſhort, you muſt put an end to that ſcandalous familiarity between you.

Lucy. Leave ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*-- Oh furious ingratitude! was not he the Man that gave me my firſt Farrendon Gown, put me out of Worſted Stockings, and plain Handkerchiefs, taught me to dreſs, talk, and move well.

Crof. He has taught you to talk indeed; but, Huſwife, I will not have my pleaſure diſputed.

Joyn. Nay, indeed you are too tart with her, poor ſweet Soul.

Lucy. He taught me to rehearſe too, wou'd have brought me into the Play-houſe, where I might have had as good luck as others: I might have had good Cloaths, Plate, Jewels, and things ſo well about me; that my Neighbours, the little Gentlemens Wives, of fifteen hundred, or Two thouſand pound a year, ſhould have retir'd into the Country, ſick with envy, of my Proſperity and Greatneſs.

Joyn. If you follow your Mothers Counſel, you are like to enjoy all you talk of ſooner; than by *Dapperwit*'s aſſiſtance; a poor Wretch that goes on tick for the Paper he writes his *Lampoons* on; and the very Ale and Coffee that inſpires him, as they ſay.

Crof. I am credibly informed ſo, indeed, Madam *Joyner*.

Joyn. Well, I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience; good Morrow to you both.

Enter Dapperwit, Ranger; Croſsbite's *Dining-room.*

Dap. This is the Cabinet, in which I hide my Jewel, a ſmall Houſe, in an obſcure, little, retired ſtreet too.

Ran. Vulgarly an Alley.

Dap. Nay, I hide my Miſtreſs with as much care, as a Spark of the Town do's his money from his Dun, after a good hand at Play; and nothing but you cou'd have wrought upon me for a ſight of her, let me periſh.

Ran. My obligation to you is great; do not leſſen it by delays, of the favour you promiſed.

Dap. But do not cenſure my honour, for if you had not been in a deſperate condition--for as one nail muſt beat out another, one poyſon expel another, one fire draw out another, one fit of drinking cure the ſickneſs of another; ſo the Surfeit you took laſt night of *Chriſtina*'s Eyes, ſhall be cured by *Lucy*'s this morning, or as———

Ran. Nay, I bar more ſimilitudes.

Dap. What, in my Miſtreſſes Lodging? that were as hard as to bar a young Parſon in the Pulpit, the fifth of *November*, railing at the Church of *Rome*, or as hard as to put you to bed to *Lucy*, and defend you touching her, or as-----

Ran. Or as hard as to make you hold your tongue--- I ſhall not ſee your Miſtreſs, I ſee?

Dap. Miſs *Lucy*, Miſs *Lucy*--- [*Knocks at the door, and returns.*

the Devil take me, if good men (I ſay no more) have not been upon their knees to me, to ſee her, and you at laſt muſt obtain it.

Ran. I do not believe you.

Dap. 'Tis ſuch as ſhe, ſhe is beautiful, without affectation; amorous without impertinency; airy, and brisk without impudence; frolick without rudeneſs; and in a word, the juſteſt Creature breathing to her aſſignation.

Ran. You praiſe her, as if you had a mind to part with her; and yet you reſolve, I ſee, to keep her to your ſelf.

Dap. Keep her, poor Creature, ſhe cannot leave me; and rather than leave her, I wou'd leave writing Lampoons or Sonnets almoſt.

Ran. Well, I'll leave you with her then.

Dap. What, will you go without ſeeing her?

Ran. Rather than ſtay without ſeeing her.

Dap. Yes, yes, you ſhall ſee her; but let me periſh if I have not been offered a hundred Guinnies, for a ſight of her; by—— I ſay no more.

Ran. I underſtand you now; if the favour be to be purchaſed, then I'll bid all I have about me for't. [*Aſide.*

Dap. Fye, fye, *Mr. Ranger*, you are pleaſant 'ifaith; do you think I would ſell the ſight of my rarity? like thoſe Gentlemen who hang out Flags at *Charing-croſs*, or like——

Ran. Nay, then I'm gone again.

Dap. What, you take it ill I refuſe your money? rather than that ſhou'd be, give us it; but take notice I will borrow it; now I think on't, *Lucy* wants a Gown, and ſome Knacks.

Ran. Here.

Dap. But I muſt pay it you again; I will not take it, unleſs you engage your honour, I ſhall pay it you again.

Ran. You muſt pardon me; I will not engage my honour for ſuch a trifle; go fetch her out.

Dap. Well, ſhe's a raviſhing Creature, ſuch Eyes, and lips, *Mr. Ranger.*

Ran. Prethee go.

Dap. Such neck and breaſts, *Mr. Ranger.*

Ran. Again, prethee go.

Dap. Such feet, legs, and thighs, *Mr. Ranger.*

Ran. Prethee let me ſee 'em.

Dap. And a mouth no bigger than your Ring; I need ſay no more.

Ran. Wou'd thou wer't never to ſpeak again.

Dap. And then ſo neat, ſo ſweet a Creature in bed, that to my knowledge, ſhe do's not change her Sheets in half a year.

Ran. I thank you for that allay to my impatience.

Dap. Miſs *Lucy*, Miſs *Lucy*, Miſs. [*Knocking at the door.*

Ran. Will ſhe not open?

Dap. I am afraid, my prety Miſs is not ſtirring, and therefore will not admit us.

Dap. Fye, Fye, a quibble next your ſtomach in a morning; what if ſhe ſhou'd hear us, wou'd you loſe a Miſtreſs for a quibble? that's more than I wou'd do, let me periſh.

Ran.

Ran. Is ſhe not gone her walk to Lambs Conduit?

Dap. She is within, I hear her.

Ran. But ſhe will not hear you; ſhe's as deaf, as if you were a Dun or a Conſtable.

Dap. Piſh, give her but leave to gape, rub her Eyes, and put on her day-Pinner; the long patch under the left Eye: awaken the Roſes on her cheeks, with ſome Spaniſh wool, and warrant her breath with ſome Lemmon Peel; the door flies off of the hindges, and ſhe into my Arms; ſhe knows there is as much Artifice to keep a victory, as to gain it; and 'tis a ſign ſhe values the conqueſt of my heart.

Ran. I thought her Beauty had not ſtood in need of Art.

Dap. Beauty's a Coward, ſtill without the help of Art, and may have the fortune of a Conqueſt, but cannot keep it; Beauty and Art can no more be aſunder, than Love and Honour.

Ran. Or to ſpeak more like your ſelf, Wit and judgment.

Dap. Don't you hear the door wag yet?

Ran. Not a whit.

Dap. Miſs, Miſs, 'tis your ſlave that calls; come, all this Tricking for him; lend me your Comb, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. No, I am to be preferred to day, you are to ſet me off; you are in Poſſeſſion; I will not lend you Arms to keep me out——

Dap. A Pox, don't let me be ungrateful; if ſhe has ſmugg'd her ſelf up for me, let me Prune, and Flounce my Perruque a little for her; there's ne're a young fellow in the Town but will do as much for a meer ſtranger in the Play-Houſe.

Ran. A Wits Wig has the priviledge of being uncomb'd in the very Play-Houſe, or in the preſence——

Dap. But not in the preſence of his Miſtreſs; 'tis a greater neglect of her than himſelf; pray lend me your Comb.

Ran. I wou'd not have men of Wit, and Courage, make uſe of every Fops mean Arts, to keep, or gain a Miſtreſs.

Dap. But don't you ſee every day, though a man have ne're ſo much Wit and Courage, his Miſtreſs will revolt to thoſe Fops that wear, and Comb Peruques well; I'll break off the bargain, and will not receive you, my Partner.

Ran. Therefore you ſee I am ſetting up for my ſelf. [*Combs his Perruque.*

Dap. She comes, ſhe comes, pray, your Comb. [*Snatches* Ranger's *Comb.*

Enter Mrs. Croſsbite *to them.*

Croſ. Bargain, what are you offering us to ſale?

Dap. A Pox, is't ſhe? here take your Comb again then. [*Returns the Comb.*

Croſ. Wou'd you ſell us? 'tis like you y'fads.

Dap. Sell thee, where ſhou'd we find a Chapman? go prithee Mother, call out my Dear Miſs *Lucy*.

Croſ. Your Miſs *Lucy*; I do not wonder you have the Conſcience to Bargain for us behind our backs, ſince you have the impudence to claim a propriety in us to my Face.

Ran. How's this, *Dapperwit*?

Dap.

Dap. Come, come, this Gentleman will not think the worſe of a Woman, for my Acquaintance with her; he has ſeen me bring your Daughter to the Lure with a Chiney Orange, from one ſide of the Play-Houſe, to the other.

Croſ. I wou'd have the Gentleman, and you to know, my Daughter is a Girl of Reputation, though ſhe has been ſeen in your Company; but is now ſo ſenſible of her paſt danger, that ſhe is reſolved never more to venture her Pitcher to the Well, as they ſay.

Dap. How's that Widow? I wonder at your new confidence.

Croſ. I wonder at your old impudence, that where you have had ſo frequent repulſes, you ſhou'd provoke another, and bring your Friend here to witneſs your diſgrace.

Dap. Hark you Widow a little.

Croſ. What, you have Mortgaged my Daughter to that Gentleman; and now wou'd offer me a ſnip to joyn in the ſecurity.

Dap. She over-heard me talk of a bargain; 'twas unlucky: [*Aſide.* your wrath is grounded upon a Miſtake: Miſs *Lucy* her ſelf ſhall be judge, call her out pray.

Croſ. She ſhall not, ſhe will not come to you.

Dap. Till I hear it from her own mouth, I cannot believe it.

Crol. You ſhall hear her ſay't through the door.

Dap. I ſhall doubt it, unleſs ſhe ſay it to my Face.

Croſ. Shall we be troubled with you no more then?

Dap. If ſhe command my death, I cannot diſ-obey her.

Croſ. Come out, Child. [Lucy *(holding down her head) to them.*

Dap. Your Servant, deareſt Miſs, can you have?---

Croſ. Let me ask her.

Dap. No, I'll ask her.

Ran. I'll throw up Croſs or Pile who ſhall ask her.

Dap. Can you have the heart to ſay, you will never more break a Cheeſe-cake with me, at New Spring-garden, the Neat houſe, or *Chelſey*; never more ſit in my lap at a New Play, never more wear a Suit of Knots of my choice; and laſt of all, never more paſs a way an Afternoon with me again, in the Green Garret? in——— do not forget the Green Garret.

Lucy. I wiſh I had never ſeen the Green Garret; Damm the Green Garret.

Dap. Damm the Green Garret, you are ſtrangely alter'd.

Lucy. 'Tis you are alter'd.

Dap. You have refus'd *Colby*'s Mulberry Garden, and the French-houſes, for the Green Garret; and a little ſomething in the Green Garret, pleas'd you more than the beſt Treat the other places cou'd yield; and can you of a ſudden quit the Green Garret?

Lucy. Since you have a deſign to Pawn me for the Rent, 'tis time to remove my Goods.

Dap. Thou art extremely miſtaken.

Lucy. Beſides, I have heard ſuch ſtrange things of you this Morning.

Dap. What things?

Lucy. I bluſh to ſpeak 'em.

Dap. I know my Innoocence, therefore take my charge as a favour; what have I done?

Lucy.

Lucy. Then know, vile Wit, my Mother has confeſs'd juſt now, thou wer't falſe to me, to her too certain knowledge; and haſt forc'd even her to be falſe to me too.

Dap. Faults in drink, *Lucy*, when we are not our ſelves, ſhou'd not condemn us.

Lucy. And now to let me out to hire like Hackney; I tell you my own dear Mother ſhall bargain for me no more; there are as little as I can bargain for themſelves now-adays, as well as properer Women.

Croſ. Whiſpering all this while; beware of his ſnares again, come away, Child.

Dap. Sweet, dear, *Miſs.*

Luey. Bargain for me; you have reckon'd without your Hoſteſs, as they ſay, bargain for me, bargain for me. [*Exit* Lucy.

Dap. I muſt return then, to treat with you.

Croſ. Treat me no treatings, but take a word for all; you ſhall no more diſhonour my Daughter, nor moleſt my Lodgings, as you have done at all hours.

Dap. Do you intend to change 'em, then, to *Bridewel*, or *Longs* powdering-Tub.

Croſ. No, to a Bailifs Houſe, and then you'll be ſo civil, I preſume, as not to trouble us.

Ran. Here, will you have my Comb again, *Dapperwit.*

Dap. A pox, I think Women take inconſtancy from me, worſe than from any Man breathing.

Croſ. Pray, Sir, forget me, before you write your next Lampoon. [*Ex. Croſ.*

Sir Simon Addleplot *in the dreſs of a Clark.*

To Ranger *and* Dapperwit.

Sir *Sim.* Have I found you? have I found you, in your by-walks, Faith and troth? I am almoſt out of breath in following you; Gentlemen when they get into an Alley, walk ſo faſt; as if they had more earneſt buſineſs there, than in the broad ſtreets.

Dap. How came this Sot hither? Fortune has ſent him to eaſe my choler. [*Aſide.* You impudent Raſcal, who are you? that dare intrude thus on us. [*Strikes him.*

Sir *Sim.* Don't you know me, *Dapperwit*? ſure you know me. [*Softly.*

Dap. Wilt thou diſhonour me with thy Acquaintance too? thou raſcally, inſolent, Pen and Ink-man. [*Strikes him again.*

Sir *Sim.* Oh, oh ſure, you know me, pray know me. [*Speak ſoftly.*

Dap. By the ſawcy familiarity, thou ſhou'dſt be a Marker at a Tennis-Court, a Barber, or a Slave that fills Coffee.

Sir *Sim.* Oh, oh.

Dap. What art thou? [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Sim.* Nay, I muſt not diſcover my ſelf to *Ranger*, for a Kick or two; oh, pray hold, Sir, by that you will know me. [*Delivers him a Letter.*

Dap. How, Sir *Simon*!

Sir *Sim.* Mum, mum, make no excuſes, Man, I won'd not *Ranger* ſhou'd have known me for five hundred——Kicks.

Dap. Your diſguiſe is ſo natural, I proteſt, it will excuſe me.

Sir *Sim.* I know that, prythee make no excuſes, I ſay; no Ceremony between thee and I, Man; read the Letter.

Dap. What, you have not open'd it?

Sir

Sir *Sim.* Prythee don't be angry, the Seal is a little Crack'd; for I cou'd not help kiſſing Mrs. *Martha*'s Letter, the word is, now or never, her Father ſhe finds will be abroad all this day and ſhe longs to ſee your friend, Sir *Simon Addlaplot*: faith 'tis a prety jeſt; While I am with her, and prailing my ſelf to her, at no ordinary rate; let thee and I alone, at an Intrigue.

Dap. Tell her, I will not fail to meet her, at the place, and time, have a care of your charge; and manage your buſineſs like your ſelf, for your ſelf.

Sir *Sim.* I warrant you.

Dap. The gaining *Gripe*'s Daughter, will make me ſupport the loſs of this young Jilt here. [*Aſide.*

Ran. What fellow's that?

Dap. A Servant to a Friend of mine.

Ran. Methinks, he ſomething reſembles our Acquaintance, Sir *Simon*, but it is no complement to tell him ſo; for that Knight is the moſt egregious Coxcomb, that ever plaid with Ladies Fan.

Sir *Sim.* So; thanks to my diſguiſe, I know my Enemies. [*Aſide.*

Ran. The moſt incorrigible Aſs, beyond the reproof of a Kicking Rival, or a frowning Miſtreſs; but if it be poſſible, thou doſt uſe him worſe than his Miſtreſs, or Rival can; thou doſt make ſuch a Culley of him.

Sir *Sim.* Do's he think ſo too?—— [*Aſide.*

Dap. Go, friend, go about your buſineſs, [*Ex. Sir* Simon. a Pox, you wou'd ſpoil all, juſt in the critical time of projection, he brings me here a Summons from his Miſtreſs, to meet her in the evening; will you come to my Wedding?

Ran. Don't ſpeak ſo loud, you'll break poor *Lucie*'s heart; poor creature, ſhe cannot leave you, and rather than leave her, you ſhou'd leave writing of Lampoons, or Sonnets —— almoſt.

Dap. Come, let her go, ungrateful baggage; but now you talk of Sonnets; I am no living Wit, if her love has not coſt me two thouſand Couplets at leaſt.

Ran. But what wou'd you give now, for a new Satyr againſt Women, ready made; 'twou'd be as convenient to buy Satyrs againſt Women, ready made, as it is to buy Crevats ready ty'd.

Dap. Or as———

Ran. Hay, come away, come away, Mr. or as——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Joyner, Gripe.

Gripe. Peace, Plenty, and Paſtime be within theſe Walls.

Joyn. 'Tis a ſmall Houſe you ſee, and mean Furniture, for no Gallants are ſuffer'd to come hither; ſhe might have had ere now, as good lodgings, as any in Town; her *Moreclack* Hangings, great Glaſſes, Cabinets, *China* embroider'd Beds, *Perſia* Carpets, Gold-plate, and the like, if ſhe wou'd have put her ſelf forward; but your Worſhip may pleaſe, to make 'em remove to a place fit to receive one of your Worſhip's quality; for this is a little ſcandalous in truly.

Gripe. No, no, I like it well enough, I am not dainty; beſides privacy, privacy, Mrs. *Joyner*, I love privacy in oppoſition to the Wicked, who hate it.

Joyn. What do you look for, Sir? [*Looks about.*

Gripe. Walls have Ears; but beſides, I look for a private place to retire to; in

in time of need; oh here's one convenient. [*Turns up a Hanging, and discovers the slender provisions of the Family.*

Joyn. But you see poor innocent Souls, to what use they put it, not to hide Gallants.

Gripe. Temperance is the Nurse of Chastity.

Joyn. But your Worship may please to mend their fare; and when you come, may make them entertain you, better than you see, they do themselves.

Gripe. No, I am not dainty, as I told you; I abominate Entertainments; no Entertainments, pray, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyn. No. [*Aside.*

Gripe. There can be no Entertainment to me, more Luscious and Savoury, than the communion with that little Gentlewoman; will you call her out, I fast till I see her.

Joyn. But intruly your Worship, we shou'd have brought a Bottle or two of Rhenish, and some Naples-Bisket, to have Entertain'd the young Gentlewoman; 'tis the mode for Lovers to Treat their Mistresses.

Gripe. Modes, I tell you, Mrs. *Joyner*, I hate Modes and Forms.

Joyn. You must send for something to Entertain her with.

Gripe. Again Entertaining; we will be to each other a Feast.

Joyn. I shall be asham'd, intruly your Worship; besides, the young Gentlewoman will despise you.

Gripe. I shall content her, I warrant you, leave it to me.

Joyn. I am sure you will not content me, if you will not content her; 'tis as impossible for a man to love, and be a miser, as to love and be wise, as they say. [*Aside.*

Gripe. While you talk of Treats, you starve my Eyes; I long to see the fair One; fetch her hither.

Joyn. I am asham'd she shou'd find me so abominable a Lyar; I have so prais'd you to her, and above all your Vertues, your Liberality; which is so great a Vertue, that it often excuses Youth, Beauty, Courage, Wit, or any thing.

Gripe. Pish, Pish, 'tis the vertue of Fools, every Fool can have it.

Joyn. And will your Worship want it then? I told her——

Gripe. Why wou'd you tell her any thing of me? you know I am a modest Man; but come, if you will have me as extravagant as the wicked; take that and fetch us a Treat, as you call it.

Joyn. Upon my life a Groat, what will this purchase?

Gripe. Two Black-Pots of Ale, and a Cake, at the next Cellar: come, the Wine has Arsenick in't.

Joyn. Well, I am mistaken, and my hopes are abus'd: I never knew any Man so mortify'd a Miser, that he would deny his Letchery any thing; I must be even with thee then another way. [*Goes out.* [*Aside.*

Gripe. These useful old Women are more exorbitant, and craving in their desires, than the young ones in theirs; these Prodigals in white Peruques spoil 'em both; and that's the reason when the Squires come under my clutches, I make 'em pay for their folly and mine, and 'tis but Conscience: Oh here comes the fair One at last.

Enter Joyner *leading in* Lucy, *who hangs backward as she enters.*

Lucy. Oh Lord, there's a Man, God-mother!

Joyn. Come in, Child, thou art so bashful—— F *Lucy.*

Lucy. My Mother is from home too, I dare not.

Joyn. If ſhe were here, ſhe'd teach you better manners.

Lucy. I'm afraid ſhe'd be angry.

Joyn. To ſee you ſo much an Aſs; come along, I ſay.

Gripe. Nay, ſpeak to her gently; if you won't, I will.

Lucy. Thank you, Sir.

Gripe. Pretty Innocent, there is, I ſee, one left yet of her Age; what hap have I! ſweet, little Gentlewoman, come and ſit down by me.

Lucy. I am better bred, I hope, Sir.

Gripe. You muſt ſit down by me.

Lucy. I'd rather ſtand, if you pleaſe.

Gripe. To pleaſe me, you muſt ſit, Sweeteſt.

Lucy. Not before my God-mother, ſure.

Gripe. Wonderment of Innocence!

Joyn. A poor baſhful Girl, Sir; I'm ſorry ſhe is not better taught.

Gripe. I am glad ſhe is not taught; I'll teach her my ſelf.

Lucy. Are you a Dancing-Maſter then, Sir? but if I ſhou'd be dull, and not move as you wou'd have me, you wou'd not beat me, Sir, I hope?

Gripe. Beat thee, Hony-Suckle; I'll uſe thee thus, and thus, and thus; Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, prethee go fetch our Treat now. [*Kiſſes her.*

Joyn. A Treat of a Groat, I will not wag.

Gripe. Why don't you go? here, take more money, and fetch what you will; take here, half a Crown.

Joyn. What will half a Crown do?

Gripe. Take a Crown then, an Angel, a piece; be gone.

Joyn. A Treat only will not ſerve my turn, I muſt buy the poor Wretch there ſome toys.

Gripe. What toys? what? ſpeak, quickly.

Joyn. Pendents, Neck-laces, Fans, Ribbonds, Poynts, Laces, Stockings, Gloves———

Gripe. Hold, hold, before it comes to a Gown.

Joyn. Well remember'd, Sir, indeed ſhe wants a Gown, for ſhe has but that one to her back; for your own ſake you ſhould give her a new Gown; for variety of Dreſſes, rouſes deſire, and makes an old Miſtreſs ſeem every day a new one.

Gripe. For that reaſon ſhe ſhall have no new Gown; for I am naturally conſtant, and as I am ſtill the ſame, I love ſhe ſhou'd be ſtill the ſame; but here take half a piece for the other things.

Joyn. Half a piece——

Gripe. Prethee be gone, take t'other Piece then; two Pieces, three Pieces, five; here, 'tis all I have.

Joyn. I muſt have the Broad-Seal Ring too, or I ſtir not.

Gripe. Inſatiable Woman, will you have that too? Prethee ſpare me that, 'twas my Grandfather's.

Joyn. That's falſe, he had ne'er a Coat; ſo now I go; this is but a violent fit, and will not hold. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. Oh, whither do you go, God-mother? will you leave me alone?

Joyn.

Joyn. The Gentleman will not hurt you; you may venture your ſelf with him alone.

Lucy. I think I may, God-mother; what, will [*Ex.* Joyner.
You lock me in, Sir? don't lock me in, Sir. [*Fumbling at the door, locks it.*—

Gripe. 'Tis a private leſſon, I muſt teach you, fair.

Lucy. I don't ſee your Fiddle, Sir, where is your little Kitt?

Gripe. I'll ſhew it thee preſently, Sweeteſt;
Neceſſity, Mother of invention; [Gripe *ſetting a Chair againſt the door.*
Come my deareſt. [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Lucy. What do you mean, Sir? don't hurt me, Sir, will you——Oh, Oh, you will kill me! Murder, Murder, oh, oh——help, help, oh— [*Crys out.*

The door broke open; Enter Croſsbite, *and two Men in Aprons, her Landlord: and his Prentice.*

Croſ. What, Murder my Daughter, Villain?

Lucy. I wiſh he had murder'd me, oh, oh———

Croſ. What has he done?

Lucy. Why wou'd you go out, and leave me alone? unfortunate Woman that I am.

Gripe. How now, what will this end in? [*Aſide.*

Croſ. Who brought him in?

Lucy. That Witch, that Treacherous falſe Woman, my God-mother, who has betray'd me, ſold me to his luſt; oh, oh———

Croſ. Have you raviſh'd my Daughter then, you old Goat? raviſh'd my Daughter, raviſh'd my Daughter, ſpeak, Villain.

Gripe. By yea, and by nay, no ſuch matter.

Croſ. A canting Rogue too; take notice, Landlord, he has raviſh'd my Daughter, you ſee her all in tears and diſtraction;
And ſee there the wicked Engine of the filthy Execution; [*Pointing to the Chair.*
Jeremy, call up my Neighbours, and the Conſtable,
Falſe Villain, thou ſhalt dye for't.

Gripe. Hold, hold; nay, I am caught. [*Aſide.*

Croſ. Go, go, make haſte——

Lucy. Oh, oh———

Croſ. Poor Wretch, go quickly.

Gripe. Hold, hold; thou young Spawn of the old Serpent; Wicked, as I thought thee Innocent; wilt thou ſay I wou'd have raviſh'd thee?

Lucy. I will ſwear you did raviſh me.

Gripe. I thought ſo, Treacherous *Eve*, then I am gone, I muſt ſhift as well as I can.

Lucy. Oh, oh——

Croſ. Will none of you call up the Neighbours, and the Authority of the Ally?

Gripe. Hold, I'll give you Twenty Mark among you, to let me go.

Croſ. Vallain, nothing ſhall buy thy life.

Land. But ſtay, Mrs. *Croſsbite*, let me talk with you.

Lucy. Oh, oh——

Land. Come, Sir, I am your Friend; in a word, I have appeas'd her, and ſhe ſhall be contented with a little ſum.

Gripe. What is it? what is it?

Land. But five hundred pound.

Gripe. But five hundred pound; hang me then, hang me rather.

Land. You will say I have been your Friend.

Pren. The Conſtable, and Neighbors are coming.

Gripe. How, how; will you not take a hundred? pray uſe conſcience in your ways. [*Kneels to* Croſsbite.

Croſ. I ſcorn your money, I will not take a thouſand.

Gripe. My Enemies are many, and I ſhall be a ſcandal to the Faithful, as a Laughing-ſtock to the wicked; [*Aſide.*
Go, prepare your Engines for my Perſecution;
I'll give you the beſt ſecurity I can.

Land. The inſtruments are drawing in the other Room,
If you pleaſe to go thither.

Croſ. Indeed, now I conſider; a Portion will do my Daughter more good, than his death; that wou'd but publiſh her ſhame; money will cover it, *probatum eſt*, as they ſay—let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a charitable thing to give a young Maid a Portion. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Scene changes to Lydia's *Lodging.*
Enter Lydia, *my Lady* Flippant.

Lyd. 'Tis as hard for a Woman to conceal her indignation from her apoſtate Lover, as to conceal her Love from her faithful ſervant.

Flip. Or almoſt as hard as it is, for the prating fellows now adays, to conceal the favours of obliging Ladies.

Lyd. If *Ranger* ſhou'd come up, (I ſaw him juſt now in the ſtreet) the diſcovery of my Anger to him now, wou'd be as mean, as the diſcovery of my Love to him before.

Flip. Though I did ſo mean a thing, as to love a Fellow, I wou'd not do ſo mean a thing, as to confeſs it, certainly, by my trouble to part with him; If I confeſt Love, it ſhould be before they left me.

Lyd. So you wou'd deſerve to be left, before you were; but cou'd you ever do ſo mean a thing, as to confeſs love to any?

Flip. Yes; but I never did ſo mean a thing, as really to love any?

Lyd. You had once a Husband.

Flip. Fye, Madam, do you think me ſo ill bred, as to love a Husband.

Lyd. You had a Widows heart, before you were a Widow I ſee.

Flip. I ſhou'd rather make an adventure of my honour, with a Gallant, for a Gown, a new Coach, a Neck-lace, than clap my Husbands cheeks for them, or ſit in his lap; I ſhou'd be as aſham'd to be caught in ſuch a poſture, with a Husband; as a briſk well bred Spark of the Town, wou'd be, to be caught on his Knees at Prayers, unleſs to his Miſtreſs.

To them, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Lyd. Mr. *Ranger*, 'twas obligingly done of you.

Ran. Indeed, Couſin, I had kept my promiſe with you, laſt night, but this Gentleman knows———

Lyd.

Lyd. You mistake me, but you shall not lessen any favour you do me; you are going to excuse your not coming to me last night, when I take it as a particular obligation, that though you threatned me with a visit, upon consideration you were so civil, as not to trouble me.

Dap. This is an unlucky morning with me; here's my eternal persecution, the Widow *Flippant.* [*Aside.*

Flip. What, Mr. *Dapperwit*!

Ran. Indeed, Cousin, besides my business, another cause, I did not wait on you, was, my apprehension, you were gone to the Park, notwithstanding your Promise to the contrary.

Lyd. Therefore, you went to the Park, to visit me there, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

Ran. Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait upon you at your Lodging; but were you at the Park, Madam?

Lyd. Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait for you at home; I was no more at the Park than you were; were you at the Park?

Ran. The Park had been a dismal desart to me, notwithstanding all the good Company in't; if I had wanted yours.

Lyd. Beceuse it has been the constant endeavour of men, to keep Women ignorant, they think us so, but 'tis that encreases our inquisitiveness, and makes us know them ignorant, as false; he is as impudent a dissembler as the Widow *Flippant*, who is making her importunate addresses, in vain, for ought I see. [*Aside.*

Flippant *driving* Dapperwit *from one side of the Stage, to the other.*

Flip. Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, merciful Mr. *Dapperwit.*

Dap. Unmerciful Lady *Flippant.*

Flip. Will you be satisfied?

Dap. Won't you be satisfied.

Flip. That a Wit shou'd be Jealous! that a Wit shou'd be Jealous! there's never a brisk young fellow in the Town, though no Wit, Heaven knows; but thinks too well of himself, to think ill of his Wife, or Mistress; now that a Wit shou'd lessen his opinion of himself, for shame. [*Aside to* Dapperwit.

Dap. I promis'd to bring you off, but I find it enough to shift for my self——— [*Softly apart to* Ranger.

Lyd. What, out of breath, Madam?

Flip. I have been defending our cause, Madam; I have beat him out of the Pit; I do so mumble these prating, censorious fellows, they call Wits, when I meet with them.

Dap. Her Ladyship indeed, is the only thing in Petty-coats, I dread, 'twas well for me there was Company in the Room; for I dare no more venture my self with her alone, then a Culley that has been bit, dares venture himself in a Tavern, with an old Rook.

Flip. I am the revenger of our Sex, certainly.

Dap. And the most insatiable one, I ever knew, Madam; I dare not stand your fury longer; Mr. *Ranger*, I will go before and make a new appointment ith your Friends that expect you at dinner, as the *French*-House, 'tis fit business: —ll wait on Love. *Ran.*

ſt;

Ran. Do ſo—but now I think on't, Sir *Thomas* goes out of Town this Afternon, and I ſhall not ſee him here again theſe three months.

Lyd. Nay, pray take him with you, Sir.

Flip. No, Sir, you ſhall not take the Gentleman from his Miſtreſs: [do not go yet, ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit.*] [*Aſide.*

Lyd. Take him with you, Sir; I ſuppoſe his buſineſs may be there, to borrow, or win, money, and I ought not to be his hinderance; for when he has none, he has his deſperate deſigns upon that little I have; for want of money, makes as devout Lovers as Chriſtians.

Dap. I hope, Madam, he offers you no leſs ſecurity, than his liberty.

Lyd. His liberty, as poor a pawn to take up money on, as honour; he is like the deſperate Bank-Routs of this Age, who if they can get peoples Fortunes into thier hands, care not though they ſpend them in Gaol, all their lives.

Flip. And the poor crediting Ladies, when they have parted with their money, muſt be contented with a pitiful compoſition, or ſtarve for all them.

Ran. But Widows are commonly ſo wiſe, as to be ſure their men are ſolvable before they truſt 'em.

Flip. Can you blame 'em; I declare, I will truſt no man, pray do not take it ill, Gentlemen; Quacks in their Bills, and Poets in the titles of their Plays, do not more diſappoint us, then Gallants with their promiſes; but I truſt none.

Dap. Nay, ſhe's a very Jew in that particular; to my knowledge, ſhee'll know her man, over and over gain, before ſhe truſt him.

Ran. Well, my deareſt Couſin, good morrow; when I ſtay from you, ſo long again, blame me to purpoſe, and be extreamly angry; for nothing can make me amends for the loſs of your Company, but your reprehenſion of my abſence; I'll take ſuch a Chiding, as kindly as *Ruſſian* Wives, do beating.

Lyd. If you were my Husband, I cou'd not take your abſence more kindly, than I do.

Ran. And if you were my Wife, I wou'd truſt you as much ont of my ſight, as I cou'd, to ſhew my opinion of your virtue.

Flip. A well-bred Gentleman, I warrant; will you go then, cruel Mr. *Dapperwit*? [*Ex.* Ranger *and* Dapperwit.

Lyd. Have I not diſſembled well, *Leonor*? [*Apart.*

Leo. But, Madam, to what purpoſe; why do you not put him to his tryal, and ſee what he can ſay for himſelf?

Lyd. I am afraid leſt my proofs, and his guilt, ſhou'd make him deſperate, and ſo contemn that pardon, which he cou'd not hope for.

Leo. 'Tis unjuſt to condemn him, before you hear him.

Lyd. I will reprieve him till I have more evidence.

Leo. How will you get it?

Lyd. I will write him a Letter in *Chriſtina*'s name, deſiring to meet him; when I ſhall ſoon diſcover, if his love to her be of a longer ſtanding, than ſince laſt night; and if it be not, I will not longer truſt him with the vanity, to think ſhe gave him the occaſion, to follow her home from the Park; ſo will at once diſabuſe him and my ſelf.

Leo. What care the jealous take in making ſure of ills, which they, but in imagination, cannot undergo.

Lyd.

Lyd. Misfortunes are leaſt dreadful, when moſt near.
'Tis leſs to undergo the ill, than fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Gripe's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Joyner, *and* Gripe, *in a Blew Gown and Night Cap.*

Joyn. WHat not well, your Worſhip? this it is, you will be laying out your ſelf beyond your ſtrength; you have taken a Surfeit of the little Gentlewoman, I find; indeed, you ſhou'd not have been ſo immoderate in your embraces, your Worſhip is ſomething in years, intruly.

Gripe. Graceleſs, Perfidious Woman, what mak'ſt thou here? art thou not afraid to be us'd like an Informer, ſince thou haſt made me pay the for betraying me?

Joyn. Betray your Worſhip, what do you mean? I an Informer, I ſcorn your words.

Gripe. Woman, I ſay again, thou art as Treacherous as an Informer, and more unreaſonable; for he lets us have ſomething for our money, before he diſturbs us.

Joyn. Your money, I'me ſure, was laid out faithfully; and I went away becauſe I wou'd not diſturb you.

Gripe. I had not grudg'd you the money I gave you, but the five hundred pound; the five hundred pound, inconſcionable falſe Woman; the five hundred pound; you cheated, trappan'd, rob'd me of the five hundred pound.

Joyn. I cheat you, I rob you; well remember what you ſay, you ſhall anſwer it before Mr. *Double Cap*, and the beſt of——

Gripe. Oh impudent Woman, ſpeak ſoftly!

Joyn. I will not ſpeak ſoftly for innocence is loud, as well as bare-fac'd; is this your return, after you have made me a meer drudge to your filthy luſts?

Gripe. Speak ſoftly, my Siſter, Daughter and Servants will hear.

Joyn. I wou'd have witneſſes, to take notice, that you blaſt my good name, which was as white as a Tulip, and as ſweet as the head of your Cane; before you wrought me to the carrying on the work of your fleſhly carnal ſeekings.

Gripe. Softly, ſoftly, they are coming in.

Enter Flippant *and* Martha.

Flip. What's the matter, Brother?

Gripe. Nothing, nothing, Siſter, only the Godly Woman is fallen into a fit of Zeal, againſt the enormous tranſgreſſions of the Age; go, go, you do not love to hear vanity reprov'd; pray be gone.

Joyn. Pray ſtay, Madam, that you may know——

Gripe. Hold, hold, here are five Guinies for thee,
Pray ſay nothing. [*Aſide.* *To* Joyner.
Siſter, pray be gone, I ſay; wou'd you prejudice

Your

Your own reputation, to injure mine? [*Ex.* Flippant *and* Martha.

Joyn. Wou'd you prejudice your own Soul to wrong my repute intruly? [*She seems to weep.*

Gripe. Pray have me in excuſe; indeed, I thought, you had a ſhare of the Five hundred pound, becauſe you took away my Seal Ring, which they made me ſend, together, with a Note to my Caſh-keeper for five hundred pound; beſides, I thought none, but you, knew it was my wonted token to ſend for Money by.

Joyn. 'Tis unlucky I ſhou'd forget it, and leave it on the Table; but oh the Harlotry! did ſhe make that uſe of it then? 'twas no wonder you did not ſtay till I came back.

Gripe. I ſtay'd till the money releas'd me.

Joyn. Have they the money then? five hundred pound!

Gripe. Too certain.

Joyn. They told me not a word of it; and have you no way to retrieve it?

Gripe. Not any.

Joyn. I am glad of it. [*Aſide.*

Is there no Law but againſt Saints?

Gripe. I will not for five hundred pound, publiſh my tranſgreſſion my ſelf; leſt I ſhou'd be thought to glory in't; though, I muſt confeſs, 'twould tempt a man to conform to publick praying and ſinning; ſince 'tis ſo chargeable to pray, and ſin in private.

Joyn. But are you reſolv'd to give off, a loſer?

Gripe. How ſhall I help it?

Joyn. Nay, I'll ſee you ſhall have, what the young Jade has, for your money, I'll make 'em uſe ſome conſcience however; take a man's money for nothing?

Gripe. Thou ſay'ſt honeſtly indeed; and ſhall I have my penniworths out of the little Gentlewoman for all this?

Joyn. I'll be engag'd body for body for her, and you ſhall take the forfeiture on me elſe.

Gripe. No, no, I'll rather take your word, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyn. Go in and dreſs your ſelf Smug, and leave the reſt to me.

Gripe. No man breathing would give off a loſer, as ſhe ſays. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, *ſitting at a Desk writing as a Clerk, my Lady* Flippant *jogging him.*

Sir *Sim.* 'Tis a Lord's Mortgage, and therefore requires the more haſt; pray do not jog me, Madam.

Flip. Dull Raſcal. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* They cannot ſtay for money, as other Folks; if you will not let me make an end on't, I ſhall loſe my Expedition-Fee.

Flip. There are ſome Clerks wou'd have underſtood me before this. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* Nay, pray be quiet, Madam; if you ſqueeze me ſo to the wall, I cannot write.

Flip. 'Tis much for the honour of the Gentlemen of this Age, that we Perſons of Quality are forc'd to deſcend to the importuning of a Clerk, a Butler, Coach-Man, or Foot-man; while the Rogues are as dull of apprehenſion too,

as

as an unfledg'd Country Squire, amongst his Mothers Maids. [*Aside.* [*Jogs him again.*

Sir *Sim.* Again, Let me tell you, Madam, familiarity breeds contempt; you'll never leave, till you have made me sawcy.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd see that.

Sir *Sim.* I vow and swear then, get you gone; or I'll add a black patch, or two to those on your face.

I shall have no time to get Mrs. *Martha* out, for her. [*Aside.*

Flip. Will you, Sir, will you? [*Jogs him again.*

Sir *Sim.* I must have a plot for her, she is a coy Woman. [*Aside.*

I vow and swear if you pass this Crevise, I'll kiss you in plain English.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd see that, do you defie me?

[*Steps to him.* [*He kisses her.*

Sir *Sim.* How's this? I vow and swear, she kisses as tamely as Mrs. *Tickliſh*, and with her mouth open too. [*Aside.*

Flip. I thought you wou'd have been asham'd, to have done so to your Masters own Sister.

Sir *Sim.* I hope you'll be quiet now, Madam?

Flip. Nay, I'll be reveng'd of you sure.

Sir *Sim.* If you come again, I shall do more to you than that; I'll pursue my Plot, and try if she be honest. [*Aside.*

Flip. You do more to me than that; nay, if you'll do more to me than that—

[*She throws down his Ink, and runs out, he follows her.*

Enter Joyner.

Joyn. I must visit my young Clyents in the mean time.

Sir Simon *returns holding up his hands.*

Joyn. What's the matter, Sir *Simon?*

Sir *Sim.* Lord, who wou'd have thought it?

Joyn. What ail you, Sir *Simon*?

Sir *Sim.* I have made such a discovery, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. What is't?

Sir *Sim.* Such an one, that makes me at once glad, and sorry; I am sorry my Lady *Flippant* is nought, but I'm glad I know it; thanks still to my disguise.

Joyn. Fye, fye.

Sir *Sim.* Nay, this hand can tell——

Joyn. But how!

Sir *Sim.* She threw down my Ink glass, and ran away into the next room; I follow'd her, and in revenge, threw her down upon the Bed; but in short, all that I cou'd do to her, would not make her squeek.

Joyn. She was out of breath man, she was out of breath.

Sir *Sim.* Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, say no more, say no more of that.

Enter Flippant.

Flip. You rude, unmannerly Rascal.

Joyn. You see she complains now.

Sir *Sim.* I know why, Mrs. *Joyner*, I know why. [*Apart.*

Flip. I'll have you turn'd out of the House, you are not fit for my Brother's Service.

Sir *Sim.* Not for yours, you mean, Madam. [*Aside.*

Flip. I'll go and acquaint my Brother———

Joyn. Hold, hold, Madam, ſpeak not ſo loud, 'tis Sir *Simon Addleplot*, your Lover, who has taken this diſguiſe on purpoſe to be near you; and to watch, and ſupplant his Rivals.

Flip. What a beaſt was I, I cou'd not diſcover it, you have undone me; why wou'd you not tell me ſooner of it? [*Aſide to* Joyner.

Joyn. I thought he had been diſcernable enough.

Flip. I proteſt I knew him not; for I muſt confeſs to you, my eyes are none of the beſt, ſince I have us'd the laſt new waſh of Mercury water; what will he think of me?

Joyn. Let me alone with him; come, come, did you think you cou'd diſguiſe your ſelf from my Lady's knowledg; ſhe knew you, Man, or elſe you had ne'er had thoſe liberties; alas, poor Lady, ſhe cannot reſiſt you.

Flip. 'Tis my weakneſs.

Sir *Sim.* How's this? but here comes my Maſter.

Enter Gripe *and* Martha.

Gripe. Come, Mrs. *Joyner*, are you ready to go?

Joyn. I am ever ready when your Worſhip commands.

Flip. Brother, if you go to t'other end of the Town, you'l ſet me down near the Play-houſe.

Gripe. The Play-houſe, do you think I will be ſeen near the Play-houſe?

Flip. You ſhall ſet me down in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* then, for I have earneſt buſineſs there; (When I come home again, I'll laugh at you ſoundly, Sir *Simon.*) [*Apart.*

Sir *Sim.* Has *Joyner* betray'd me then? 'tis time to look to my hits. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Martha, be ſure you ſtay within now; if you go out, you ſhall never come into my doors again.

Mart. No, I will not, Sir; I'll ne'er come into your doors again, if once I ſhou'd go out.

Gripe. 'Tis well ſaid, Girl. [*Ex.* Gripe, Joyner, Flip.

Sir *Sim.* 'Twas prettily ſaid, I underſtand you, they are dull, and have no intrigue in 'em; but dear, ſweet Mrs. *Martha*, 'tis time we were gone, you have ſtole away your Scarfs, and Hood from your Maid, I hope.

Mart. Nay, I am ready, but———

Sir *Sim.* Come, come, Sir *Simon Addleplot*, poor Gentleman, is an impatient man to my knowledge.

Mart. Well, my venture is great, I'm ſure, for a Man I know not; but pray, *Jonas*, do not deceive me; is he ſo fine a Gentleman, as you ſay he is?

Sir *Sim.* Piſh, piſh, he is the——Gentleman of the Town, faith and troth.

Mart. But may I take your word, *Jonas*?

Sir *Sim.* 'Tis not my word, 'tis the word of all the Town.

Mart. Excuſe me, *Jonas*, for that; I never heard any ſpeak well of him, but Mr. *Dapperwit*, and you.

Sir *Sim.* That's becauſe he has been a Rival to all men, and a Gallant to all Ladies; Rivals, and deſerted Miſtreſſes, never ſpeak well of a Man.

Mart. Has he been ſo general in his Amours, his kindneſs is not to be valu'd then?

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* The more by you, becauſe 'tis for you he deſerts all the reſt, faith and troth.

Mart. You plead better for him, than he cou'd for himſelf; I believe, for indeed they ſay, he is no better than an Ideot.

Sir *Sim.* Then believe me, Madam, for no body knows him better than I; he has as much Wit, Courage, and as good a Meen to the full, as I have; he an Ideot?

Mart. The common Gull, ſo perſpicuous a Fop, the Women find him out, for none of 'em will marry him.

Sir *Sim.* You may ſee now, how he and you are abus'd; for that he is not Married, is a ſign of his Wit; and for being perſpicuous, 'tis falſe, he is as myſterious as a new Parliament Man, or a young States-Man, newly taken from a Coffee-houſe, or Tennis-court.

Mart. But is it a ſign of his Wit becauſe he is not Married?

Sir *Sim.* Yes, yes, your Women of the Town raviſh your Fops;
There's not one about the Town unmarried, that has any thing.

Mart. It may be then he has ſpent his Eſtate.

Sir *Sim.* How unluckily gueſs'd. [*Aſide.*
If he had, he has a head can retrieve it again.

Mart. Beſides, they ſay, he has had the modiſh diſtemper.

Sir *Sim.* He can cure it with the beſt *French* Chirurgion in Town.

Mart. Has his practice on himſelf, been ſo much?

Sir *Sim.* Come, come.
Fame, like deſerted Jilt, does ſtill belye Men,
Who doubts her Man, muſt be advis'd by *Hymen.*
For he knows beſt of any, how to try Men. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene, The Old Pell-Mell.

Enter Ranger *and* Dapperwit.

Ran. Now the *Lucy*'s have renounc'd us; Hey for the *Chriſtina*'s, ſhe cannot uſe me worſe, than your honourable Miſtreſs did you.

Dap. A Pox, ſome young Heir, or another, has promis'd her Marriage; there are ſo many Fools in the World, 'tis impoſſible for a man of Wit to keep his Wench, from being a Lady, let me periſh.

Ran. But have you no other Acquaintance that ſticks to her vocation, in ſpight of temptations of honour, or filthy lucre; I declare, I make honourable Love, meerly out of neceſſity; as your Rooks play on the ſquare, rather than not play at all.

[*To them* Leonore, Lydia's *Woman Mask'd, with a Letter in her hand.*

Dap. Come, the Devil will not loſe a Gameſter; here's ready money for you, puſh freely.

Rang. Thou'rt as well met, as if by aſſignation. [*To her.*

Leon. And you are as well met, as if you were the Man I look'd for.

Rang. Kind Rogue.———

Leon. Sweet Sir

Rang. Come, I am thy Priſoner, (without more words) ſhew but thy warrant.
[*Goes to pull off her Mask.*

Leo. You miſtake, Sir, here is my Paſs. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Ran. A Letter, and directed to me. [*Reads.*

I cannot put up the injuries, and affronts you did me laſt night; (a challenge upon my life, and by ſuch a meſſenger) *therefore conjure you by your Honour, at eight a Clock preciſely, this Evening, to ſend your man to St.* James's *Gate, to wait for me with a Chair, to conduct me, to what place you ſhall think moſt fit, for the giving of ſatisfaction to the injur'd* Chriſtina.

Chriſtina! I am amaz'd! what is't a Clock, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. It wants not half an hour of eight.

Ran. Go then back, my pretty Herauld, [*To the Maid.* and tell my fair Enemy, the ſervice ſhe deſigns my man, is only fit for my Friend here; of whoſe Faith and Honour, ſhe may be ſecure of; he ſhall, immediately, go wait for her at St. *James*'s Gate? whilſt I go to prepare a place for our ran-counter, and my ſelf to dye at her feet: [*Ex.* Leonore. *Dapperwit*, dear *Dapperwit*.

Dap. What lucky Surpriſal's this?

Ran. Prethee ask no queſtions, till I have more leiſure, and leſs aſtoniſhment; I know, you will not deny to be an inſtrument in my happineſs.

Dap. No, let me periſh, I take as much pleaſure to bring Lovers together, as an old Woman, that as a Bankrupt Gameſter loves to look on, though he has no advantage by the play; or as a Bully that fights not himſelf, yet takes pleaſure to ſet people together by the Ears; or as———

Ran. S'death, is this a time for ſimilitudes?

Dap. You have made me miſcarry of a good thought, now let me periſh.

Ran. Go preſently to St. *James*'s Gate, where you are to expect the coming of a Lady ('tis *Chriſtina*) accompany'd by that Woman you ſaw ev'n now; ſhe will permit you to put her into a Chair, and then conduct her to my lodging, while I go before to remove ſome Spies, and prepare it for her reception.

Dap. Your lodging; had you not better carry her to *Vincent*'s, 'tis hard by, and there a vizard Mask has as free egreſs and regreſs, as at the Play-houſe.

Ran. Faith, though it be not very prudent, yet ſhe ſhall come thither in my vindication; for he wou'd not believe I had ſeen her laſt night.

Dap. To have a fine woman, and not tell on't as you ſay, Mr. *Ranger*—

Ran. Go, and bring her to *Vincent*'s lodging, there I'll expect you. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Chriſtina, Iſabel, *her Woman.*

Iſab. This is the door, Madam, here Mr. *Vincent* lodges.

Chriſ. 'Tis no matter, we will paſs it by, leſt the people of our lodgings ſhou'd watch us; but if he ſhou'd not be here now.

Iſab. Who, Mr. *Valentine*, Madam? I warrant you, my intelligencer dares not fail me.

Chriſ. Did he come laſt night, ſaid he?

Iſab. Laſt night late.

Chri.

Chri. And not see me yet; nay, not send to me; 'tis false, he is not come; I wish he were not. I know not which I shou'd take more unkindly from him, exposing his life to his revengeful Enemies; or being almost four and twenty hours so near me, and not let me know't.

Isab. A Lovers dangers are the only secrets kept from his Mistress; he came not to you, because he wou'd not purchase his happiness with your fear and apprehensions.

Chris. Nay, he is come, I see, since you are come about again of his side.

Isab. Will you go in, Madam, and disprove me, if you can; 'tis better than standing in the street.

Chris. We'll go a little farther first, and return. [*Exeunt.*

Vincent's *Lodging.*

Enter Vincent *and* Valentine.

Vin. I told you I had sent my Man to *Christina*'s, this Morning, to enquire of her Maid, (who seldom denies him a secret) if her Lady had been at the Park last night; which she peremptorily answered. to the contrary, and assur'd him, she had not stir'd out since your departure.

Val. Will not Chamber-maids lye, *Vincent*?

Vin. Will not *Ranger* lie, *Valentine*?

Val. The circumstances of his story prov'd it true.

Vin. Do you think so old a Master in the faculty, as he, will want the varnish of probability for his lies?

Val. Do you think a Woman, having the advantage of her Sex, and Education, under such a Mistress, will want Impudence to dis-avow a truth, that might be prejudicial to that Mistress?

Vin. But if both testimonies are fallible; why will you needs believe his? we are apter to believe the things we wou'd have than those we wou'd not.

Val. My ill luck has taught me to credit my mis-fortunes, and doubt my happiness.

Vin. But fortune we know inconstant.

Val. And all of her Sex.

Vin. Will you judge of fortune by your experience, and not do your Mistress the same justice? go see her, and satisfie your self and her; for if she be innocent, consider how culpable you are, not only in your censures of her, but in not seeing her since your coming.

Val. If she be innocent, I shou'd be afraid to surprise her, for her sake; if false, I shou'd be afraid to surprise her, for my own.

Vin. To be jealous, and not inquisitive, is as hard as to love extreamly, and not to be something jealous.

Val. Inquisitiveness as seldom cures jealousie, as drinking in a Fever quenches the thirst

Vin. If she were at the Park last night, 'tis probable she'll not miss this; go watch her House, see who goes out, who in; while I in the mean time search out *Ranger*; who, I'll pawn my Life, upon more discourse, shall avow his mistake; here he is, go in, how luckily is he come?

Enter

Enter Ranger.

Valentine *retires to the door behind, over-hearing them.*

Vin. *Ranger*, you have prevented me; I was going to look you out, between the Scenes at the Play-House, the Coffee-house, Tennis-Court, or *Gifford*'s.

Ran. Do you want a pretence to go to a Bawdy-house? but I have other visits to make.

Vin. I forget, I shou rather have sought you in *Christina*'s Lodgings, ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Well, well, I m just come to tell you that *Christina*———

Vin. Proves not by ay-light, the kind Lady you follow'd last night out of the Park.

Ran. I have better news for you, to my thinking.

Vin. What is't?

Ran. Not that I have been in *Christina*'s lodging this morning; but that she'll be presently here in your Lodging with me.

Val. How! [*Behind.*

Van. You see now, his report was a jest, a meer jest:

[*Drawing back to the door, where* Valentine *stood, and speaking softly to him.*

well, must my lodging be your Vaulting School still; thou hast appointed a Wench to come hither, I find. [*To* Ran.

Ran. A Wench; you seem'd to have more reverence for *Christina* last night.

Vin. Now you talk of *Christina*, prethee tell me what was the meaning of thy last nights Romance of *Christina*.

Ran. You shall know the meaning of all, when *Christina* comes; she'l be here presently.

Vin. Who will, *Christina?*

Ran. Yes, *Christina.*

Vin. Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Incredulous envy, thou art as envious as an impotent Letcher at a Wedding.

Van. Thou art either mad, or as vain as a *French-man*, newly return'd home from a *Campaign*, or obliging *England*.

Ran. Thou art as envious as a Rival; but if thou art mine, there's that will make you desist; [*Gives him the Letter.*

and if you are not my Rival; intrusting you with such a secret, will, I know, oblige you to keep it, and assist me against all other interests.

Van. Do you think I take your secret as an obligation? don't I know, Lovers, Travellers, and Poets, will give money to be heard; but what's the Paper? a Lampoon upon *Christina*, hatch'd last night betwixt Squire *Dapperwit* and you, because her maid us'd you scurvily.

Ran. No, 'tis only a Letter from her, to shew, my Company was not so disgustful to her last night, but that she desires it again to day.

Val. A Letter from her. [*Behind.*

Vin. A Letter from *Christina*; [*Reads.*

Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Nay, 'tis pleasant.

Vin. You mistake, I laugh at you not the Letter.

Ran. I am like the winning Gamester, so pleas'd with my luck, I will not quarrel with any, who calls me a Fool for't.

Vin.

Vin. Is this the ſtile of a Woman of honour?

Ran. It may be, for ought you know; I'm ſure, 'tis well if your female correſpondents can read.

Vin. I muſt confeſs, I have none of the little Letters, half name, or title, like your Spaniſh Epiſtles Dedicatory; but that a man ſo frequent in honourable Intrigues, as you are, ſhould not know the ſummons of an impudent common Woman, from that of a Perſon of honour.

Ran. Chriſtina is ſo much a Perſon of Honour, ſhe'll own what ſhe has writ, when ſhe comes.

Vin. But will ſhe come hither indeed?

Ran. Immediately, you'll excuſe my liberty with you; I cou'd not conceal ſuch a happineſs, from ſuch a Friend as you, leſt you ſhou'd have taken it unkindly.

Vin. Faith, you have oblig'd me indeed; for you, and others wou'd often have made me believe your honourable Intrigues, but never did me the honour to convince me of 'em before.

Ran. You are merry, I find, yet.

Vin. When you are happy, I cannot be otherwiſe.

Ran. But I loſe time, I ſhou'd lay a little Perſon in ambuſh, [*Aſide.* that lives hard by, in caſe *Chriſtina* ſhou'd be impatient to be reveng'd of her Friends, as it often happens with a diſcontented Heireſs: Women like old Souldiers, more nimbly execute, than they reſolve. [*Going out.*

Vin. What now, you will not diſ-appoint a Woman of *Chriſtina*'s quality?

Ran. I'll be here before ſhe comes, I warrant you. [*Ex.* Ran.

Vin. I do believe you truly: what think you *Valentine?*

Val. I think, ſince ſhe has the Courage to challenge him; ſhe'll have the honour of being firſt in the Field.

Vin. Fye, your opinion of her muſt be as bad, as *Ranger* of himſelf is good, to think ſhe wou'd write him; I long till his *bona-roba* comes, that you may be both diſ-abus'd.

Val. And I have not patience to ſtay her coming, leſt you ſhou'd be diſ-abus'd.

Enter Chriſtina *and* Iſabel.

Vin. Here ſhe is I'faith; I'm glad ſhe's come.

Val. And I'm ſorry; but I will to my poſt again, leſt ſhe ſhou'd ſay ſhe came to me.

Van. By Heavens, *Chriſtina* her ſelf, 'tis ſhe! [*Aſide.*

[Chriſtina *pulls off her Mask.*

Val. 'Tis ſhe; curs'd be theſe eyes, more curs'd, than when they firſt betray'd me to that falſe bewitching face. [*Behind.*

Chriſ. You may wonder, Sir, to ſee me here———

Vin. I muſt confeſs I do.

Chriſ. But the confidence your Friend has in you, is the cauſe of mine; and yet ſome bluſhes it do's coſt me, to come to ſeek a Man.

Val. Modeſt Creature. [*Behind.*

Vin. How am I deceiv'd! [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Where is he, Sir, why does he not appear to keep me in countenance? pray call him, Sir, 'tis ſomething hard if he ſhou'd know I'm here.

Vin. I hardly can, my ſelf, believe you are here, Madam.

Chriſ.

Chris. If my visit be troublesome, or unseasonable, 'tis your Friends fault, I design'd it not to you, Sir; pray, call him out, that he may excuse it, and take it on himself, together with my shame.

Vin. How impatient she is! [*Aside.*

Chris. Or do you delay the happiness I ask, to make it more welcom? I have stay'd too long for it already, and cannot more desire it; dear Sir, call him out, where is he? above, or here within? I'll snatch the favour which you will not give: [*Goes to the door, and discovers* Valentine. What do you hide your self for shame?

Val. I must confess I do.

Chris. To see me come hither———

Val. I acknowledge it. [Val. *offers to go out.*

Chris. Before you came to me; but whither do you go? come I can forgive you.

Val. But I cannot forgive you.

Chris. Whither do you go? you need not forge a quarrel, to prevent mine to you; nor need you try if I wou'd follow you; you know I will, I have you see.

Val. That impudence should look so like innocence. [*Aside.*

Chris. Whither wou'd you go? why wou'd you go?

Val. To call your Servant to you.

Chris. She is here, what wou'd you with her?

Val. I mean your Lover, the Man you came to meet.

Chris. Oh Heavens! what Lover? what Man? I came to seek no Man but you, whom I had too long lost.

Val. You cou'd not know that I was here.

Chris. Ask her, 'twas she that told me. [*Points to* Isabel.

Val. How cou'd she know?

Chris. That you shall know hereafter.

Val. No, you thought me too far out of the way, to disturb your assignation; and I assure you, Madam, 'twas my ill fortune not my design; and that it may appear so, I do withdraw, (as in all good breeding, and civility, I am oblig'd) for sure your wish'd for Lover's coming.

Chris. What do you mean? are you a weary of that title?

Val. I am asham'd of it, since it grows common. [*Going out.*

Chris. Nay, you will not, shall not go.

Val. My stay might give him jealousie, and so do you injury, and him the greatest in the World; Heavens forbid! I wou'd not make a Man jealous; for though you call a thousand vows, and oaths, and tears, to witness, (as you safely may) that you have not the least of love for me; yet if he ever knew, how I have lov'd you, sure he wou'd not, cou'd not believe you.

Chris. I do confess, your Riddle is too hard for me to solve; therefore you are oblig'd to do't your self.

Val. I wish it were capable of any other interpretation, than what you know already.

Chris. Is this that generous good *Valentine*, who has disguis'd him so. [*She weeps.*

Vin. Nay, I must with-hold you then: [*Stops* Val. *going out.* methinks she shou'd be innocent; her tongue, and eyes, together, with that cloud that swells 'em, do vindicate her heart.

Val.

Val. They ſhew but there long practice of deſimulation. [*Going out.*

Vin. Come back; I hear *Ranger* coming up; ſtay but till he comes.

Val. Do you think I have the patience of an Alderman?

Vin. You may go out this way, when you will, by the backſtairs; but ſtay a little, till———Oh, here he comes.

Ranger *enters.*

Val. My revenge will now detain me. [Valen. *retires again.*

Upon Rangers *entrance*, Chriſtina *puts on her Mask.*

Ran. What, come already? where is *Dapperwit*? [*Aſide.*

The bleſſing's double that comes quickly; I did not yet expect you here, otherwiſe I had not done my ſelf the injury to be abſent; but I hope, Madam, I have not made you ſtay long for me.

Chriſ. I have not ſtaid at all for you.

Ran. I am glad of it, Madam.

Chriſ. Is not this that troubleſome ſtranger, who [*To Iſabel.*

laſt night follow'd the Lady into my lodgings? 'tis he. [*Aſide.*

[*Removing from him to t'other ſide.*

Ran. Why do's ſhe remove ſo diſdainfully from me? [*Aſide.*

I find you take it ill, I was not at your coming here, Madam.

Chriſ. Indeed I do not, you are miſtaken, Sir.

Ran. Confirm me by a ſmile then, Madam; remove that Cloud, which makes me apprehend [*Goes to take off her Mask.*

foul weather: Mr. *Vincent*, pray retire; 'tis you keep on the Ladies Mask, and no diſpleaſure, which ſhe has for me; yet, Madam, you need not diſtruſt his honour, or his faith; but do not keep the Lady under conſtraint; pray leave us a little Maſter *Vincent.*

Chriſ. You muſt not leave us, Sir; wou'd you leave me with a ſtranger?

Val. How's that! [*Behind.*

Ran. I've done amiſs, I find to bring her hither, [*Aſide*

Madam, I underſtand you—— [*Apart to* Chriſtina.

Chriſ. Sir, I do not underſtand you.

Ran. You wou'd not be known to Mr. *Vincent.*

Chriſ. 'Tis your Acquaintance I wou'd avoid.

Ran. Dull Brute, that I was, to bring her hither: [*Aſide.*

I have found my error, Madam; give me but a new appointment, where I may meet you by and by, and ſtraight I will withdraw, as if I knew you not. [*Softly to her.*

Chriſ. Why, do you know me?

Ran. I muſt not own it. [*Aſide.*

No Madam, but—— [*Offers to whiſper.*

Chriſ. Whiſpering, Sir, argues an old Acquaintance; but I have not the vanity to be thought of yours, and reſolve you ſhall never have the diſparagement of mine: Mr. *Vincent*, pray let us go in here.

Ran. How's this! I am undone I ſee; but if I let her go thus, I ſhall be an eternal laughing ſtock to *Vincent.*

Vin. Do you not know him, Madam? I thought you had come hither on purpoſe to meet him.

Chriſ. To meet him.

Vin. By your own appointment.

Chriſ. What ſtrange infatuation do's delude you all? you know, he ſaid, he did not know me.

Vin. You writ to him, he has your Letter.

Chriſ. Then you know my name ſure? yet you confeſs'd but now, you knew me not.

Ran. I muſt confeſs, your anger has diſguis'd you, more than your Mask; for I thought to have met a kinder *Chriſtina* here.

Chriſ. Heavens! how cou'd he know me in this place? he watch'd me hither ſure; or is there any other of my name, that you may no longer miſtake me, for your *Chriſtina*? I'll pull off that which ſooths your error. [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Ran. Take but t'other vizard off too; I mean your anger, and I'll ſwear you are the ſame, and only *Chriſtina*, which I wiſh'd, and thought to meet here.

Chriſ. How cou'd you think to meet me here?

Ran. By virtue of this your Commiſſion, [*Gives her the Letter.* which now, I ſee, was meant a real challenge; for you look, as if you wou'd fight with me.

Chriſ. The Paper is a ſtranger to me, I never writ it; you are abus'd.

Vin. *Chriſtina* is a Perſon of Honour, and will own what ſhe has written, *Ranger.*

Ran. So, the Comedy begins; I ſhall be laugh'd at ſufficiently, if I do not juſtifie my ſelf; I muſt ſet my impudence to hers, ſhe is reſolv'd to deny all I ſee, and I have loſt all hope of her. [*Aſide.*

Vin. Come, faith *Ranger*——

Ran. You will deny too, Madam, that I follow'd you laſt night from the Park, to your lodging, where I ſtay'd with you till Morning; you never ſaw me before I warrant?

Chriſ. That you rudely intruded, laſt night, into my lodging, I cannot deny; but I wonder you have the confidence to brag of it; ſure you will not of your Reception?

Ran. I never was ſo ill-bred, as to brag of my reception in a Ladies Chamber; not a word of that, Madam.

Val. How! if he lies, I revenge her; if it be true, I revenge my ſelf.

[Valentine *draws his Sword, which* Vincent *ſeeing, thruſts him back, and ſhuts the door upon him before he was diſcover'd by* Ranger.

Enter Lydia *and her Woman, ſtopping at the door.*

Lyd What do I ſee! *Chriſtina* with him! a Counter-plot to mine, to make me, and it, ridiculous; 'tis true, I find they have been long Acquainted, and I long abus'd; but ſince ſhe intends a triumph, in ſpight, as well as ſhame (not emulation) I retire; ſhe deſerves no envy, who will be ſhortly in my condition; his natural inconſtancy, will prove my beſt revenge on her—on both.

[*Exeunt* Lydia *with her Woman.*

Dapperwit *to them.*

Dap. *Chriſtina*'s going away again; what's the matter?

Ran. What do you mean?

Dap. I ſcarce had paid the Chair-Men, and was coming up after her; but I met her on the ſtairs, in as much haſte, as if ſhe had been frightn'd.

Ran. Who do you talk of?

Dap.

Dap. Chriſtina, whom I took up in a Chair, juſt now at St. *James*'s Gate.

Ran. Thou art mad, here ſhe is, this is *Chriſtina*.

Dap. I muſt confeſs, I did not ſee her face; but I am ſure the Lady is gone, that I brought juſt now.

Ran. I tell you, again, this is ſhe; did you bring two?

Chriſ. I came in no Chair, had no guide, but my Woman there.

Vin. When did you bring your Lady, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. Ev'n now, juſt now.

Vin. This Lady has been here half an hour.

Ran. He knows not what he ſays, he is mad, you are all ſo, I am ſo too.

Vin. 'Tis the beſt excuſe you can make for your ſelf, and by owning your miſtake, you'll ſhew you are come to your ſelf; I my ſelf ſaw your Woman at the door, who but look'd in, and then immediately went down again, as your friend *Dapperwit* too affirms.

Chriſ. You had beſt follow her, that look'd for you; and I'll go ſeek out him, I came to ſee; Mr. *Vincent*, pray let me in here.

Ran. 'Tis very fine, wondrous fine! [Chriſtina *goes out a little, and returns.*

Chriſ. Oh he is gone! Mr. *Vincent* follow him; he were yet more ſevere to me, in indangering his life, than in his cenſures of me; you know the power of his Enemies is great, as their malice; juſt Heaven preſerve him from them, and me from this ill, or unlucky Man. [*Ex.* Chriſtina, *her Woman, and* Vincent.

Ran. 'Tis well—nay, certainly, I ſhall never be maſter of my Senſes more; but why do'ſt thou help to diſtract me too?

Dap. My aſtoniſhment was as great as yours, to ſee her go away again; I wou'd have ſtay'd her if I cou'd.

Ran. Yet, again, talking of a Woman you met going out, when I talk of *Chriſtina*.

Dap. I talk of *Chriſtina* too.

Ran. She went out juſt now; the Woman you found me with, was ſhe.

Dap. That was not the *Chriſtina* I brought juſt now.

Ran. You brought her, almoſt, half an hour ago; S'death, will you give me the lye?

Dap. A Lady diſappointed by her Gallant, the night before her journey, cou'd not be more touchy with her Maid, or Husband, than you are with me now, after your diſ-appointment; but if you think me ſo, I'll go ſerve my ſelf hereafter; for ought I know, I have diſ-appointed Mrs. *Martha* for you, and may loſe thirty thouſand pound by the bargain: farewel, a raving Lover is fit for ſolitude. [*Ex.* Dap.

Ran. Lydia, triumph, I now am thine again; of Intrigues, honourable or diſhonourable, and all ſorts of rambling, I take my leave; when we are giddy, 'tis time to ſtand ſtill: why ſhou'd we be ſo fond of the by-paths of Love? where we are ſtill way-lay'd, with Surprizes, Trapans, Dangers, and Murdering diſ-appointments:

Juſt as at Blind-mans Buff, we run at all,
Whilſt thoſe that lead us, laugh to ſee us fall;
And when we think, we hold the Lady faſt,
We find it but her Scarf, or Veil, at laſt.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

St. James's *Park.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, *leading Mrs.* Martha, Dapperwit.

Sir *Sim.* AT length, you see, I have freed the Captive Lady, for her longing Knight, Mr. *Dapperwit*, who brings off a Plot cleverly now.

Dap. I wish our Poets were half so good at it; Mrs. *Martha*; a thousand welcoms— [Dapperwit *Kisses and Embraces Mrs* Martha.

Sir *Sim.* Hold, hold, Sir; your joy is a little too familiar, (faith and troth.)

Dap. Will you not let me salute Mrs. *Martha*?

Mart. What *Jonas*, do you think I do not know good breeding? must I be taught by you?

Sir *Sim.* I wou'd have kept the Maiden-head of your lips, for your sweet Knight, Mrs. *Martha*, that's all; I dare swear, you never kiss'd any Man before, but your Father.

Mart. My sweet Knight, if he will be a Knight of mine, must be contented with what he finds, as well as other Knights.

Sir *Sim.* So smart already, faith and troth!

Mart. Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, I am over-joy'd to see you; but I thank honest *Jonas* for't.

Sir *Sim.* How she hugs him! [*Aside.*

Mart. Poor Mr. *Dapperwit*. I thought I shou'd never have seen you again; but I thank honest *Jonas* there—— [*She hugs* Dapperwit.

Sir *Sim.* Do not thank me, Mrs. *Martha*, any more than I thank you.

Mart. I wou'd not be ungreatful, *Jonas*.

Sir *Sim.* Then reserve your kindness, only, for your Worthy Noble, Brave, Heroick Knight who loves you only, and only deserves your kindness.

Mart. I will shew my kindness to my Worthy, Brave, Heroick Knight, in being kind to his Friend, his dear Friend, who help'd him to me. [*Hugs* Dap. *again.*

Sir *Sim.* But, Mistress *Martha*, he is not to help him always; though he helps him to be married, he is not to help him when he is married.

Mart. What, Mr. *Dapperwit*, will you love my worthy Knight, less after marriage, then before? that were against the custom; for marriage gets a Man Friends, instead of losing those he has.

Dap. I will ever be his Servant, and yours, Dear Madam, do not doubt me.

Mart. I do not, sweet, dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*; but I shou'd not have seen you these two-days if it had not been for honest *Jonas*, there— [*She Kisses* Dap.

Sir *Sim.* For shame, though she be young and foolish, do not you wrong me to my face. [*Apart to* Dap.

Dap. Wou'd you have me so ill bred, as to repulse her innocent kindness; what a thing it is to want Wit! [*Aside.*

Sir *Sim.* A Pox, I must make hast to discover my self, or I shall discover, what I wou'd not discover; but if I shou'd discover my self in this habit, 'twou'd not be to my advantage; but I'll go, put on my own cloaths, and look like a Knight: [*Aside.*

Well,

Well, Mrs. *Martha*, I'll go ſeek out your Knight; are you not impatient to ſee him? [*To her.*

Mart. Wives muſt be obedient, let him take his own time.

Sir *Sim.* Can you truſt your ſelf, a turn or two, with Maſter *Dapperwit*?

Mart. Yes, yes, *Jonas*, as long as you will.

Sir *Sim.* But I wou'd not truſt you with him, if I could help it; [*Aſide.*

So marry'd Wight, ſees what he dares not blame;
And cannot budge for fear, nor ſtay for ſhame. [*Ex.* Sir *Sim.*

Dap. I am glad he is gone, that I may laugh; 'tis ſuch a miracle of Fops, that his converſation ſhou'd be pleaſant to me, even when it hindred me of yours.

Mart. Indeed, I'm glad he is gone too, as pleaſant as he is.

Dap. I know why, I know why, ſweet Mrs. *Martha*; I warrant you, you had rather have the Parſons Company, than his? now you are out of your Father Houſe, 'tis time to leave being a Hypocrite.

Mart. Well for the jeſts ſake, to diſ-appoint my Knight, I wou'd not care if I diſ-appointed my ſelf of a Ladyſhip.

Dap. Come, I will not keep you on the Tenters, I know you have a mind to make ſure of me; I have a little Chaplain, I wiſh he were a Biſhop, or one of the Fryars, to perfect our revenge upon that Zealous Jew, your Father.

Mart. Do not ſpeak ill of my Father, he has been your Friend, I'm ſure.

Dap. My Friend———

Mart. His hard uſage of me, conſpir'd with your good Meen, and Wit, and to avoid ſlavery under him, I ſtoop to your yoke.

Dap. I will be obliged to your Father, for nothing but a Portion, nor to you for your love; 'twas due to my Merit.

Mart. You ſhew your ſelf Sir *Simon*'s original, if 'twere not for that vanity—

Dap. I ſhou'd be no Wit, 'tis the badge of my calling; for you can no more find a Man of Wit without vanity, than a fine Woman without affectation: But let us go, before the Knight comes again.

Mart. Let us go before my Father comes, he ſoon will have the intelligence.

Dap. Stay, let me think a little. [*Pauſes.*

Mart. What are you thinking of? you ſhou'd have thought before this time, or, I ſhou'd have thought rather.

Dap Peace, Peace.

Mart. What are you thinking of?

Dap. I am thinking, what a Wit without vanity is like; he is like——

Mart. You do not think we are in a publick place, and may be ſurpriz'd, and prevented by my Father's Scouts.

Dap. What, wou'd you have me loſe my thought?

Mart. You wou'd rather loſe your Miſtreſs, it ſeems.

Dap. He is like———I think I'm a Sot to night, let me periſh.

Mart. Nay, if you are ſo in love with your thought. [*Offers to go.*

Dap. Are you ſo impatient to be my Wife? he is like—he is like—a Picture without ſhadows, or,or--a Face without Patches--or a Diamond without a Foyl; theſe are new thoughts now, theſe are new.

Mart. You are wedded already to your thoughts, I ſee, good night.

Dap. Madam, do not take it ill;

For

For loſs of happy thought, there's no amends.
For his new jeſt, true Wit will loſe old Friends.
That's new again, the thought's new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, *leading Mrs.* Lucy, Joyner, Croſsbite *following.*

Gripe. Mrs. *Joyner*, I can conform to this mode of Publick walking by Moon-light, becauſe one is not known.

Lucy. Why, are you aſham'd of your Company.

Gripe. No, Pretty one; becauſe in the dark, or as it were the dark, there is no envy, nor ſcandal; I wou'd neither loſe you, nor my reputation.

Joyn. Your reputation; indeed, your Worſhip, 'tis well known, there are as grave Men, as your Worſhip; nay, Men in office too, that adjourn their cares, and buſineſſes, to come and unbend themſelves at night here, with a little vizard mask.

Gripe. I do believe it, I do believe it, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Lucy. I God-mother, and carries, and treats her at Mulberry Garden.

Croſ. Nay, do's not only treat her, but gives her his whole gleanings of that day.

Gripe. They may, they may, Mrs. *Croſbite*, they take above ſix in the hundred.

Croſ. Nay, there are thoſe of ſo much worth, and honour, and love, that they'll take it from their Wives and Children, to give it to their Miſſes; now your Worſhip has no Wife, and but one Child.

Gripe. Still for my Edification. [*Aſide.*

Joyn. That's true indeed, for I know a great Lady, that cannot follow her Husband abroad to his Haunts, becauſe her Farrendine is ſo ragged and greaſie; whilſt his Miſtreſs is as fine as ſippence, in her embroidered Sattens.

Gripe. Politickly done of him indeed; if the truth were known, he is a State-Man by that, umph———

Croſ. Truly, your Women of quality, are very troubleſome to their Huſbands; I have heard 'em complain, they will allow them no ſeparate maintainance, though the honourable Jilts, themſelves, will not marry without it.

Joyn. Come, come, Miſtreſs, ſometimes 'tis the craft of thoſe Gentlemen, to complain of their Wives expences, to excuſe their own narrowneſs to their Miſſes; but your Daughter has a Gallant can make no excuſe.

Gripe. So, Mrs. *Joyner*—my Friend, Mrs. *Joyner*———

Croſ. I hope, indeed, he'll give my Daughter no cauſe to dun him; for poor wretch, ſhe is as modeſt as her Mother.

Gripe. I profeſs, I believe it.

Lucy. But, I have the boldneſs to ask him for a Treat; come, Gallant, we muſt walk towards the Mulberry Gard'n.

Gripe. So— I am afraid, little Miſtreſs, the Rooms are all taken up by this time.

Joyn. Will you ſhame your ſelf again? [*Aſide to* Gripe.

Lucy. If the Rooms be full, we'll have an Arbor.

Gripe. At this time of night; beſides, the Waiters will ne'r come near you.

Lucy. They will be obſervant of good Cuſtomers, as we ſhall be; come along.

Gripe. Indeed, and verily, little Miſtreſs, I wou'd go, but that I ſhou'd be forſworn, if I did.

Joyn. That's ſo pitiful an excuſe——

Gripe. In truth, I have forſworn the place, ever ſince I was pawn'd there for a reckoning.

Lucy. You have broken many an Oath for the good old cauſe, and will you Boggle at one for your poor, little Miſs? come along.

Lady

Lady Flippant *behind.*

Flip. Unfortunate Lady, that I am! I have left the Herd on purpoſe to be chas'd, and have wandred this hour here; but the Park affords not ſo much as a Satyr for me, (and that's ſtrange) no Burgundy Man, or drunken Scourer will reel my way; the Rag-Women, and Synder-Women, have better luck than I—but who are theſe? if this mungril light do's not deceive me, 'tis my Brother, 'tis he, there's *Joyner* too, and two other Women; I'll follow 'em; it muſt be he, for this World hath nothing like him; I know not what the Devil may be in the other. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot *in fine cloaths*, Dapperwit, *and* *Mrs.* Martha. *unſeen by him at the door.*

Sir *Sim.* Well, after all my ſeeking, I can find thoſe I wou'd not find; I'm ſure 'twas old *Gripe*, and *Joyner* with him, and the Widow follow'd; he wou'd not have been here, but to have ſought his Daughter, ſure; but vigilant *Dapperwit* has ſpy'd him too, and has, no doubt, ſecur'd her from him.

Dap. And you. [*Behind.*

Sir *Sim.* The Rogue is as good at hiding, as I am at ſtealing a Miſtreſs; 'tis a vain conceited Fellow, yet I think, 'tis an honeſt Fellow: but again, he is a damnable Whoring Fellow; and what opportunity this air, and darkneſs may encline 'em to, Heaven knows; for I have heard the Rogue ſay himſelf, a Lady will no more ſhew her modeſty in the dark, then a *Spaniard* his Courage.

Dap. Ha, ha, ha———

Sir *Sim.* Nay, if you are there my true Friend, I'll forgive your harkning, if you'll forgive my cenſures; I ſpeak to you, dear, Madam *Martha*; dear, dear—Behold your worthy Kinght.

Mart. That's far from Neighbours.

Sir *Sim.* I's come to reap the fruit of all his labours.

Mart. I cannot ſee the Knight; well, but I'm ſure I hear *Jonas.*

Sir *Sim.* I am no *Jonas*, Mrs. *Martha.*

Mart. The night is not ſo dark, nor the Perruque ſo big, but I can diſcern *Jonas.*

Sir *Sim.* Faith and troth, I am the very Sir *Simon Addleplot*, that is to marry you; the ſame, *Dapperwit* ſolicited you for; ask him elſe, my name is not *Jonas.*

Mart. You think my youth, and ſimplicity, capable of this cheat; but let me tell you, *Jonas*, 'tis not your borrow'd cloaths, and titles, ſhall make me marry my Fathers Man,

Sir *Sim.* Borrow'd title; I'll be ſworn I bought it of my Landreſs, who was a Court Landreſs; but, indeed, my cloaths I have not pay'd for, therefore in that ſenſe they are borrow'd.

Mart. Prethee, *Jonas*, let the jeſt end, or I ſhall be preſently in earneſt.

Sir *Sim.* Pray be in earneſt, and let us go; the Parſon, and Supper, ſtay for us, and I am a Knight in earneſt.

Mart. You a Knight, inſolent, ſawcy Fool?

Sir *Sim.* The Devil take me, Mrs. *Martha*, if I am not a Knight now; a Knight Baronet too: a Man ought, I ſee, to carry his Patent in his Pocket, when he goes to be marry'd, 'tis more neceſſary than a Licenſe; I am a Knight indeed, and indeed now, Mrs. *Martha.*

Mart. Indeed, and indeed, the trick will not paſs, *Jonas.*

Sir *Sim.* Poor wretch, ſhe's afraid, ſhe ſhall not be a Lady: come, come, diſcover the Intrigue, *Dapperwit.*—— *Mart.*

Mart. You need not diſcover the Intrigue, 'tis apparent already; unworthy Mr. *Dapperwit*, after my confidence repos'd in you; cou'd you be ſo little generous, as to betray me to my Fathers Man; but I'll be even with you.

Sir *Sim.* Do not accuſe him, poor Man, before you hear him; tell her the intrigue Man.

Dap. A Pox, ſhe will not believe us.

Sir *Sim.* Will you not excuſe your ſelf? but I muſt not let it reſt ſo; know then Mrs. *Martha*---

Mart. Come, I forgive thee before thy confeſſion, *Jonas*; you never had had the confidence to have deſign'd this cheat upon me, but from Mr. *Dapperwits* encouragement, 'twas his Plot.

Sir *Sim.* Nay, do not do me that wrong, Madam.

Mart. But ſince he has trapan'd me out of my Fathers Houſe, he is like to keep me as long as I live; and ſo good night *Jonas*.

Sir *Sim.* Hold, hold, what d'y' mean both? prethee tell her I am Sir *Simon*, and no *Jonas*.

Dap. A Pox, ſhe will not believe us, I tell you.

Sir *Sim.* I have provided a Parſon, and Supper, at Mulberry Gard'n, and invited all my Friends I cou'd meet in the Park.

Dap. Nay, rather than they ſhall be diſ-appointed, there ſhall be a Bride and Bridegroom, to entertain 'em; Mrs. *Martha*, and I'll go thither preſently.

Sir *Sim.* Why, ſhall ſhe be your Bride?

Dap. You ſee ſhe will have it ſo.

Sir. *Sim.* Will you make *Dapperwit* your Husband?

Mart. Rather than my Fathers Man.

Sir *Sim.* Oh the Devil———

Mart. Nay, come along *Jonas*, you ſhall make one at the Wedding, ſince you help'd contrive it.

Sir *Sim.* Will you cheat your ſelf, for fear of being cheated?

Mart. I am deſperate now.

Sir *Sim.* Wilt thou let her do ſo ill a thing, *Dapperwit*, as two marry thee? open her eyes, prethee, and tell her I am a true Knight.

Dap. 'Twou'd be in vain, by my life, you have carry'd your ſelf ſo like a Natural Clerk---and ſo adieu, good *Jonas*. [*Ex.* Martha, *and* Dapperwit.

Sir *Sim.* What, ruin'd by my own Plot, like an old Cavalier: yet like him too, I will Plot on ſtill, a Plot of prevention, ſo I have it---her Father was here ev'n now, I'm ſure; well--I'll go tell her Father of her, that I will;

And puniſh ſo her folly, and his treachery,
Revenge is ſweet, and makes amends for leachery. [*Ex.*

Enter Lydia, *and her Woman* Leonore.

Lyd. I wiſh, I had not come hither to night, *Leonore*.

Leon. Why did you, Madam? if the place be ſo diſ-agreable to you.

Lyd We cannot help viſiting the place often, where we have loſt any thing we value; I loſt *Ranger* here laſt night.

Leon. You thought you had loſt him before, a great while ago; and therefore you ought to be the leſs troubled.

Lyd. But 'twas here, I miſs'd him firſt, I'm ſure.

Leon. Come, Madam, let not the loſs vex you, he is not worth the looking after.

Lyd.

Lyd. It cannot but vex me yet, if I loſt him by my own fault.

Leon. You had but too much care to keep him.

Lyd. It often happens, indeed, that too much care, is as bad as negligence; but I had rather be rob'd, than loſe what I have careleſly.

Leon. But, I believe, you wou'd hang the Thief if you cou'd.

Lyd. Not if I cou'd have my own again.

Leon. I ſee, you wou'd be too merciful.

Lyd. I wiſh I were try'd.

Leon. But, Madam, if you pleaſe, we will wave the diſcourſe; for people ſeldom (I ſuppoſe) talk with pleaſure, of their real loſſes.

Lyd. 'Tis better than to ruminate in them; mine, I'm ſure, will not out of head, nor heart.

Leon. Grief is ſo far from retrieving a loſs, that it makes it greater; but the way to leſſon it, is, by a compariſon with others loſſes; here are Ladies, in the Park, of your Acquaintance, I doubt not, can compare with you; pray Madam, let us walk and find 'em out.

Lyd. 'Tis the reſentment, you ſay, makes the loſs great, or little; and then I'm ſure, there is none like mine; however go on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vincent *and* Valentine.

Vin. I am glad I have found you, for now I am prepar'd to lead you out of the dark, and all your trouble; I have good news.

Val. You are as unmerciful, as the Phyſician, who with new Arts, keeps his miſerable Patient alive, and in hopes, when he knows the diſeaſe is incurable.

Vin. And you, like the melancholy Patient, miſtruſt, and hate your Phyſician, becauſe he will not comply with your deſpair: but I'll cure your jealouſie now.

Val. You know, all Diſeaſes grow worſe by relapſes.

Vin. Truſt me once more.

Val. Well, you may try your experiments upon me.

Vin. Juſt as I ſhut the door upon you, the Woman, *Ranger*, expected, came up ſtairs; but finding another Woman in diſcourſe with him, went down again, I ſuppoſe, as jealous of him, as you of *Chriſtina*.

Val. How do's it appear ſhe came to *Ranger?*

Vin. Thus, *Dapperwit* came up after who had brought her, juſt then, in a Chair from St. *James*'s by *Ranger*'s appointment; and it is certain your *Chriſtina* came to you.

Val. How can that be? for ſhe knew not I was in the Kingdom.

Vin. My Man confeſſes, when I ſent him to enquire of her Woman, about her Lady's being here in the Park laſt night; he told her you were come, and ſhe, it ſeems, told her Miſtreſs.

Val. That might be—— [*Aſide.*

But did not *Chriſtina* confeſs, *Ranger* was in her lodging laſt night?

Vin. By intruſion, which ſhe had more particularly inform'd me of, if her apprehenſions of your danger had not poſted me after you; ſhe not having yet (as I ſuppoſe) heard of *Clerimont*'s recovery: I left her, poor Creature, at home, diſtracted with a thouſand fears for your life and love.

Val. Her love, I'm ſure, has coſt me more fears, than my life; yet that little danger is not paſt, (as you think) till the great one be over.

Vin. Open but your Eyes, and the Fantaſtick Goblin's vaniſh'd, and all your

idle fears, will turn to ſhame; for Jealouſie is the baſeſt cowardize.

Val. I had rather, indeed, bluſh for my ſelf, than her.

Vin. I'm ſure you will have more reaſon——But is not that *Ranger* there?

Ranger *enters, follow'd by* Chriſtina *and her Woman, after them* Lydia *and her Woman.*

Val. I think it is.

Vin. I ſuppoſe, his Friend *Dappetwit* is not far off; I will examine them both before you, and not leave you ſo much, as the ſhadow of a doubt; *Ranger*'s aſtoniſhment at my lodging, confeſs'd his miſtake.

Val. His aſtoniſhment might proceed from *Chriſtina*'s unexpected ſtrangeneſs to him.

Vin. He ſhall ſatisfie you now himſelf to the contrary, I warrant you, have but patience.

Val. I had rather, indeed, he ſhou'd ſatisfie my doubts, than my revenge; therefore I can have patience.

Vin. But what Women are thoſe that follow him?

Val. Stay a little———

Ran. Lydia, Lydia———poor *Lydia.*

Lyd. If ſhe be my Rival, 'tis ſome comfort yet, [*To her Maid.*

to ſee her follow him, rather than he her.

Leon. But if you follow them a little longer, for your comfort, you ſhall ſee them go hand in hand.

Chriſ. Sir, Sir——— [*To* Ranger.

Leon. She calls to him already.

Lyd. But he do's not hear, you ſee; let us go a little nearer.

Vin. Sure it is *Ranger*?

Val. As ſure as the Woman that follows him cloſeſt, is *Chriſtina.*

Vin. For ſhame, talk not of *Chriſtina*; I left her juſt now at home, ſurrounded with ſo many fears and griefs, ſhe cou'd not ſtir.

Val. She is come, it may be, to divert them here in the Park; I'm ſure 'tis ſhe.

Vin. When the Moon, at this inſtant, ſcarce affords light enough to diſtinguiſh a Man from a tree, how can you know her?

Val. How can you know *Ranger*, then?

Vin. I heard him ſpeak.

Val. So you may her too; I'll ſecure you, if you will draw but a little nearer; ſhe came, doubtleſs, to no other end but to ſpeak with him; obſerve——

Chriſ. Sir, I have follow'd you hitherto; [*To* Ranger.

but now, I muſt deſire you to follow me out of the Company, for I wou'd not be over-heard, nor diſturb'd.

Ran. Ha! is not this *Chriſtina*'s voice? it is I am ſure, I cannot be deceiv'd now———dear Madam——

Vin It is ſhe indeed. [*Apart to* Val.

Val. Is it ſo?

Chriſ. Come, Sir— [*To* Ranger.

Val. Nay, I'll follow you too, though not invited. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. I muſt not, cannot ſtay behind. [*Aſide.* [*Exeunt.*

They all go off together in a huddle, haſtily;

Chriſtina, *her Woman, and* Valentine, *return on the other ſide.*

Chriſ.

Chriſ. Come along, Sir.

Val. So I muſt ſtick to her when all is done; her new Servant has loſt her in the crowd, ſhe has gone too faſt for him; ſo much my revenge is ſwifter than his love: now ſhall I not only have the deſerted Lovers revenge, of diſ-appointing her of her new Man; but an opportunity infallibly at once, to diſcover her falſeneſs, and confront her impudence. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Pray come along, Sir, I am in haſte.

Val. So eager, indeed—I wiſh that Cloud may yet with-hold the Moon, that this falſe Woman, may not diſcover me, before I do her. [*Aſide*

Chriſ. Here no one can hear us, and I'm ſure we cannot ſee one another.

Val. 'Sdeath, what have I giddily run my ſelf upon? 'Tis rather a tryal of my ſelf than her; I cannot undergo it. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Come nearer, Sir.

Val. Hell and vengeance, I cannot ſuffer it, I cannot. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Come, come; yet nearer, pray come nearer.

Val. It is impoſſible, I cannot hold; I muſt diſcover my ſelf, rather than her infamy.

Chriſ. You are conſcious, it ſeems, of the wrong you have done me, and are aſham'd, though in the dark. [*Speaks, walking ſlowly.*

Val. How's this! [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. I'm glad to find it ſo; for all my buſineſs with you, is to ſhow you your late miſtakes, and force a confeſſion from you, of thoſe unmannerly injuries you have done me.

Val. What! I think ſhe's honeſt; or do's ſhe know me? ſure ſhe cannot. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Firſt, your intruſion, laſt night, into my lodging, which, I ſuppoſe, has begot your other groſs miſtakes.

Val. No, ſhe takes me for *Ranger*, I ſee again. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. You are to know then, (ſince needs you muſt) it was not me you follow'd laſt night to my lodging, from the Park, but ſome Kinſwoman of yours, it ſeems; whoſe fear of being diſcover'd by you, prevail'd with me to perſonate her, while ſhe withdrew, our Habits and our Statures being much alike; which I did with as much difficulty, as ſhe us'd importunity to make me; and all this, my Lady *Flippant* can witneſs, who was then with your Couſin.

Val. I am glad to hear this——— [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Now, what your claim to me, at Mr. *Vincent*'s lodging, meant; the letter, and promiſes, you unworthily, or erroneouſly lay'd to my charge, you muſt explain to me and others, or——

Val. How's this! I hope I ſhall diſcover no guilt but my own; ſhe wou'd not ſpeak in threats to a Lover—— [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Was it becauſe you found me in Mr. *Vincent*'s lodgings, you took a liberty to uſe me, like one of your common Viſitants? But know, I came no more to Mr. *Vincent*, than to you; yet, I confeſs, my viſit was intended to a man—A brave Man, till you made him uſe a Woman ill, worthy the love of a Princeſs; till you made him cenſure mine; good as Angels, till you made him unjuſt; why--- in the name of honour, wou'd you do't?

Val. How happily, am I diſ-appointed! poor injur'd *Chriſtina.* [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. He wou'd have ſought me out firſt, if you had not made him fly from me; our mutual love, confirm'd by a contract, made our hearts inſeparable; till you rudely, if not maliciouſly, thruſt in upon us, and broke the cloſe, and

happy knot: I had loſt him before for a month, now for ever. [*She weeps.*

Val. My joy, and pity makes me as mute, as my ſhame; yet I muſt diſcover my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Your ſilence, is a confeſſion of your guilt.

Val. I own it. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. But that will not ſerve my turn; for ſtrait you muſt go clear your ſelf, and me, to him you have injur'd in me; if he has not made too much haſte from me, to be found again; you muſt, I ſay, for he is a Man that will have ſatisfaction; and in ſatisfying him, you do me.

Val. Then he is ſatisfy'd.

Chriſ. How! is it you? then I am not ſatisfy'd.

Val. Will you be worſe than your word?

Chriſ. I gave it not to you.

Val. Come, dear *Chriſtina*, the Jealous, like the Drunkard, has his puniſhment, with his offence. *To them* Vincent.

Vin. Valentine, Mr. *Valentine*.

Val. Vincent—

Vin. Where have you been all this while?

[Valentine *holds* Chriſtina *by the hand, who ſeems to ſtruggle to get from him.*

Val. Here, with my injur'd *Chriſtina*.

Vin. She's behind with *Ranger*, who is forc'd to ſpeak all the tender things himſelf; for ſhe affords him not a word.

Val. Piſh, Piſh, *Vincent*, who is blind now? who deceiv'd now?

Vin. You are, for I'm ſure *Chriſtina* is with him; come back and ſee.

[*They go out at one door, and return at the other.*

Ranger *to* Lydia.

Ran. Still mock'd, ſtill abus'd! did you not bid me follow you, where we might not be diſturb'd, nor over-heard? and now not allow me a word?

Vincent *to* Valentine.

Vin. Did you hear him? [*Apart to* Val.

Val Yes, yes, peace— [*Apart to* Vin.

Ran. Diſowning your Letter, and me, at *Vincent*'s lodging, declaring you came to meet another there, and not me; with a great deal of ſuch affronting unkindneſs, might be reaſonable enough, becauſe you wou'd not intruſt *Vincent* with our love, but now, when no body ſees us, nor hears us, why this unſeaſonable ſhyneſs———

Lyd. It ſeems, ſhe did not expect him there, but had appointed to meet another; I wiſh it were ſo. [*Aſide.*

Ran. I have not Patience; do you deſign thus to revenge my intruſion into your lodging laſt night? ſure if you had then been diſpleas'd with my Company, you wou'd not have invited your ſelf to't again by a Letter? or is this a puniſhment for bringing you to a Houſe, ſo near your own, where, it ſeems, you were known too? I do confeſs, it was a fault; but make me ſuffer any Penance, but your Silence, becauſe it is the certain mark of a Miſtreſs's laſting diſpleaſure—

Lyd. My ——is not yet come. [*Aſide.*

Ran. Not yet a word? you did not uſe me ſo unkindly laſt night, when you chid me out of your Houſe, and with indignation bid me be gone; now, you bid me follow you, and yet will have nothing to ſay to me; and I am more deceiv'd

deceiv'd this day and night; than I was last night; when, I must confess, I follow'd you for another!

Lyd. I'm glad to hear that. [*Aside.*

Ran. One that wou'd have us'd me better; whose love, I have ungratefully abus'd for yours; yet from no other reason, but my natural inconstancy— Poor *Lydia*, *Lydia*——— [*Aside.*

Lyd. He mutter'd my name sure, and with a sigh. [*Aside.*

Ran. But as last night, by following (as I thought) her, I found you: so this night, by following you in vain, I do resolve, if I can find her again, to keep her for ever.

Lyd. Now I am obliged, and brought in debt to his inconstancy; Faith, now cannot I hold out any longer, I must discover my self. [*Aside.*

Ran. But, Madam, because I intend to see you no more, I'll take my leave of you for good and all; since you will not speak I'll try if you will squeek—— [*Goes to throw her down, She squeeks.*

Lyd. Mr. *Ranger*, Mr. *Ranger*——

Vin. Fye, fye, you need not ravish *Christina* sure, that loves you so.

Ran. Is it she! *Lydia* all this while? how am I gull'd, and *Vincent* in the Plot too?

Lyd. Now false *Ranger*.

Ran. Now false *Christina* too; you thought I did not know you now, because I offer'd you such an unusual civility.

Lyd. You knew me, I warrant you knew too, that I was the *Christina* you follow'd out of the Park last night; that I was the *Christina* that writ the letter too.

Ran. Certainly, therefore I wou'd have taken my revenge, you see, for your tricks.

Val. Is not this the same Woman that took refuge in your House last night, Madam? [*To* Christina.

Chrif. The very same.

Val. What, Mr. *Ranger*, we have chop'd, and chang'd, and hid our *Christina*'s so long, and often, that at last, we have drawn each of us our own?

Ran. Mr. *Valentine* in *England*! the truth on't is, you have jugled together, and drawn without my knowledge; but since she will have it so, she shall wear me for good and all now. [*Goes to take her by the hand.*

Lyd. Come not near me.

Ran. Nay, you need not be afraid, I wou'd ravish you, now I know you.

Lyd. And yet, *Leonore*, I think 'tis but justice, to pardon the fault, I made him commit? [*Apart to* Leonore, Ranger *listens.*

Ran. You consider it right, Cousin; for indeed, you are but merciful to your self in it.

Lyd. Yet, if I wou'd be rigorous, though I made the blot, your over-sight has lost the game.

Ran. But 'twas rash Womans play, Cousin, and ought not to be play'd again, let me tell you. [Dap. *to them.*

Dap. Who's there? who's there?

Ran. Dapperwit.

Dap. Mr. *Ranger*, I am glad I have met with you; for I have left my Bride just now, in the House at Mulbery Garden, to come and pick up some of my Friends in the Park here, to sup with us.

Ran. Your Bride! are you marry'd then? where is your Bride?

Dap.

Dap. Here at Mulbery Garden, I ſay, where you, theſe Ladies, and Gentlemen, ſhall all be welcome, if you will afford me the honour of your Company.

Ran. With all our hearts; but who have you marry'd, *Lucy*.

Dap. What, do you think I wou'd marry a Wench? I have marry'd an Heireſs worth thirty thouſand pound, let me periſh.

Vin. An Heireſs worth thirty thouſand pound! ——

Dap. Mr. *Vincent*, your Servant, you here too?

Ran. Nay, we are more of your acquaintance here (I think) go, we'll follow you, for if you have not diſmiſs'd your Parſon, perhaps we may make him more work. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the Dining-room, in Mulberry-Garden-Houſe.

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, Gripe, *Mrs.* Martha, Joyner, Croſsbite, Lucy.

Sir *Sim.* 'Tis as I told you, Sir, you ſee.

Gripe. Oh graceleſs Babe, marry'd to a Wit! an idle, loytering, ſlandering, foul-mouth'd, beggarly Wit; Oh that my Child ſhould ever live to marry a Wit!

Joyn. Indeed, your Worſhip had better ſeen her fairly buried, as they ſay.

Croſs. If my Daughter, there, ſhou'd have done ſo, I wou'd not have gi'n her a groat.

Gripe. Marry a Wit!

Sir *Sim.* Mrs. *Joyner*, do not let me loſe the [*To* Joyner.
Widow too; for if you do, (betwixt Friends) I and my ſmall annuity are both blown up; it will follow my Eſtate. [*Aſide.*

Joyn. I warrant you. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Let us make ſure of Sir *Simon* to night, [*To* Joyner.
Or—— [*Aſide.*

Joyn. You need not fear it, like the Lawyers, while my Clients endeavour to cheat one another; I in juſtice cheat 'em both. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Marry a Wit!

Enter Dapperwit, Ranger, *and* Lydia, Valentine, Chriſtina, *and* Vincent.
Dapperwit *ſtops 'em, and they ſtand all behind.*

Dap. What is he here, *Lucy* and her Mother? *Aſide.*]

Gripe. Tell me how thou cam'ſt to marry a Wit?

Mart. Pray be not angry, Sir, and I'll give you a good reaſon.

Gripe. Reaſon for marrying a Wit!

Mart. Indeed, I found my ſelf ſix mouths gone with Child, and ſaw no hopes of your getting me a Husband, or elſe I had not marryed a Wit, Sir.

Joyn. Then you were the Wit. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Had you that reaſon? nay, then—— [*Holding up his hands.*

Dap. How's that! [*Aſide.*

Ran. Who wou'd have thought, *Dapperwit*, you wou'd have marryed a Wench? [*Aſide.*

Dap. Well, thirty thouſand pound will make me amends; I have known my betters wink, and fall on for five or ſix. [*To* Ran.
What, you are come, Sir, to give me joy? [*To* Gripe *and the reſt.*
you Mrs. *Lucy*, you and you? well, unbid gueſts are doubly welcom—

Sir

Sir *Simon*, I made bold to invite these Ladies, [*To Sir* Simon.
and Gentlemen, for you must know, Mr. *Ranger*, this worthy Sir *Simon*, do's not only give me my Wedding-Supper, but my Mistress too; and is as it were my Father.

Sir *Sim.* Then I am as it were a Grand-father to your new Wives, *hans en kelder*; to which you are but as it were a Father; there's for you again, Sir--- ha ha——

Ran. Ha, ha, ha—— [*To* Vincent.

Dap. Fools sometimes say unhappy things, If we wou'd mind 'em, but—what, Melancholy at your Daughters Wedding, Sir?

Gripe. How deplorable is my condition? [*Aside.*

Dap. Nay, if you will rob me of my Wench, Sir, can you blame me for robbing you of your Daughter? I cannot be without a Woman.

Gripe. My Daughter, my Reputation, and my Money gone—but the last is dearest to me; yet at once I may retrieve that, and be reveng'd for the loss of the other; and all this by marrying *Lucy* here: I shall get my five hundred pound again, and get Heirs to exclude my Daughter, and frustrate *Dapperwit*; besides, 'tis agreed on all hands, 'tis cheaper keeping a Wife than a Wench. [*Aside.*

Dap. If you are so melancholy, Sir, we will have the Fiddles, and a Dance to divert you; come.

A Dance.

Gripe. Indeed, you have put me so upon a merry Pin, that I resolve to marry too.

Flip. Nay, if my Brother come to marrying once, I may too; I swore I wou'd, when he did, little thinking——

Sir *Sim.* I take you at your word, Madam.

Flip. Well, but if I had thought you wou'd have been so quick with me—

Gripe. Where is your Parson?

Dap. What, you wou'd not revenge your self upon the Parson.

Gripe. No, I wou'd have the Parson revenge me upon you; he shou'd marry me.

Dap. I am glad you are so frolick, Sir; but who wou'd you marry?

Gripe. This innocent Lady. [*Pointing to* Lucy.

Dap. That innocent Lady?

Gripe. Nay, I am impatient, Mrs. *Joyner*, pray fetch him up if he be yet in the House.

Dap. We were not marry'd here; but you cannot be in earnest.

Gripe. You'll find it so; since you have rob'd me of my House-keeper, I must get another.

Dap. Why? she was my Wench.

Gripe. I'll make her honest then.

Cross. Upon my repute he never saw her before: but will your Worship marry my Daughter then?

Gripe. I promise her, and you, before all this good Company, to morrow: I will make her my Wife.

Dap. How!

Ran. Our Ladies, Sir, I suppose, expect the same Promise from us. [*To* Val.

Val. They may be sure of us without a Promise; but let us (if we can) obtain theirs, to be sure of them.

Dap. But will you marry her to Morrow?—— [*To* Gripe.

Gripe.

Gripe. I will verily.

Dap. I am undone then, ruin'd let me perish.

Sir *Sim.* No, you may hire a little room in *Covent-Garden*, and set up a *Coffee-House*; you, and your Wife, will be sure of the Wits custom.

Dap. Abus'd by him, I have abus'd!

Fortune our Foe, we cannot over-wit,
By none but thee, our projects are Cross-bit.

Val. Come, dear Madam, what yet angry? Jealousie sure is much more pardonable before Marriage than after it; but to morrow, by the help of the Parson, you'll put me out of all my fears.

Chris. I am afraid then you wou'd give me my revenge, and make me jealous of you; and I had rather suspect your Faith, than you shou'd mine.

Ran. Cousin *Lydia*, I had rather suspect your Faith too, than you shou'd mine; therefore let us e'en marry to Morrow, that I may have my turn of watching, doging, standing under the Window at the Door, behind the hanging, or—

Lyd. But if I cou'd be desperate now, and give you up my liberty; cou'd you find in your heart to quit all other engagements, and voluntarily turn your self over to one Woman, and she a Wife too? cou'd you away with the insupportable bondage of Matrimony?

Ran. You talk of Matrimony as irreverently, as my Lady *Flippant*? the bondage of Matrimony, no—!

The end of Marriage, now is liberty,
And two are bound—to set each other free.

EPILOGUE Spoken by *Dapperwit*.

NOW my Brisk Brother of the Pit, you'll say,
I'm come to speak a good word for the Play;
But (Gallants) let me perish, if I do,
For I have Wit, and judgment, just like you;
Wit never partial, judgment free and bold,
For fear or friendship never bought or sold,
Nor by good Nature to be Cajol'd.
Good Nature in a Critick were a crime,
Like mercy in a Judge, and renders him
Guilty of all those faults, he do's forgive:
Besides, if Thief from Gallows you reprieve,
He'll cut your Throat? so Poet sav'd from shame,
In damn'd Lampoon, will murder your good name.
Yet in true spight to him, and to his Play,
(Good faith) you shou'd not rayl at 'em to day;
But to be more his Foe, seem most his Friend,
And so maliciously, the Play commend,
That he may be betray'd to Writing on,
And Poet let him be, to be undone.

FINIS.

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